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THE LAW OF LIBEL.

WE observe that a bill, intended, as it is styled, to prevent vexatious libel suits, has been introduced into the Senate of this State. It reads as follows:

> "§ 1. That in every action for an alleged libel, the defendant may give proof of intention; and unless the plaintiff shall prove malice in fact, he shall recover nothing but his actual damage proved, and specially alleged in the declaration."

The subject which this bill proposes to regulate is so important in all its aspects, in regard to the public generally as well as the press, that, though somewhat dull and technical, we ask for it the attention of the reader.

The law of libel, as it now stands, may be said, in relation to the press, to consist of three principal rules, upon which—so far as regards the assertion of a plaintiff's rights—its practical efficiency depends.

(1.) When a libellous article is published in a newspaper, the editor or publisher of the paper is held directly responsible, as if he were its author; the party assailed is not bound to make any efforts to seek the actual author, or to trace the libel to its original source. The proprietor and publisher of the paper is held responsible for whatever he permits to be published in it.

(2.) When the libellous character of the article and the fact of the publication are established, the defendant (the proprietor or publisher) may prove that the charge was true; but if he fails so to do, the law infers *malice* from the act, and a verdict must pass against him. *Malice* is, however, in this case, a purely technical term—as much so as *plea* or *mortgage;* it is *malice in law*, as contradistinguished from *malice in fact*, or as we use the term in ordinary parlance, *i. e.*, a malicious desire to injure some particular person. *Malice*, in legal language, means merely a willful disregard of right and duty; and, in this sense, a malicious act may be done without any hostile or injurious intention whatever to any particular person. In other words, if a person publishes, or permits to be published, a falsehood injurious to the reputation of another, the law holds the act to be inspired by malice; *i. e.*, not that the act proceeds from any particular desire to injure the individual assailed, but from a willful disregard of right and duty. This is *malice in law*, as opposed to *malice in fact*.

(3.) The character of the libel, the fact of publication, and the malice, *i. e.*, the legal malice or illegality of the defendant's act being established, the law does not require any *proof* that the plaintiff has been damaged or damnified by the attack; it *infers* damage. The plaintiff may, if he sees fit, prove *special* damage—as loss of business, of character, or position, etc., but if he does not, still damage is inferred; the legal presumption is that a libel must be more or less injurious, and it is left to the jury to fix an amount which shall compensate the plaintiff, and also serve as a warning to others in like case offending. This is what is meant by vindictive damages.

To recapitulate, in brief:

First, The law regards the publisher of a libel as responsible as the author.

Second, The law treats the publication of a libel as *malicious;* i.e., as a willfully illegal act.

Third, The law presumes some damage always to result from a libel, and leaves it to a jury to estimate the amount.

It will be observed that, thus far, we are speaking simply of a plaintiff's rights, and have not alluded to the character of the defense that may be set up or relied on.

Now the new law, as above proposed, materially alters all these three rules; and in regard to the great presses of the country, it may be said practically to repeal them. The phrase that the defendant may give "proof of intention," is rather loose; but the gist of the matter lies in these words: "Unless the plaintiff shall prove *malice in fact* he shall receive nothing but his *actual damage proved* and specially alleged in the declaration." Let us look a little into the practical operation of these words.

First, They materially impair, if they do not really abolish the rule, making the proprietor or publisher of the paper responsible. All the papers of large circulation have a corps of assistants, letter-writers, reporters, etc., by whom nearly all the reading matter of the paper is in fact written, and the names of these parties, as well as the actual authorship of any particular article complained of, are, as a general thing, entirely unknown to the people at large, and, as a general rule, can not be known. Under the new law the plaintiff must necessarily bring his suit entirely in the dark. He sues Mr. Bennett, or Mr. Greeley, or Mr. Raymond. As it now stands, these gentlemen are legally responsible for every thing in their paper; but under the new dispensation, *malice in fact* must be proved, *i. e.*, affirmatively proved by the plaintiff; whereas, in fact, the plaintiff, nine times out of ten, can not prove the authorship of the article; and if he can not prove the author, how can he prove the author's motive to be malicious? Again, suppose even that by some legal dexterity the burden of proof were changed, and the publisher called on to disprove malice in fact. All he will have to do, and that he can do in a vast majority of instances, is to show that he did not write the article—that it was, in fact, penned by one of his assistants, by a reporter, or by a Washington letter-writer, and that he knew nothing about it before its appearance. Of course, it is absurd to think of attributing *malice in fact* to one person for the act of another unless full knowledge and absolute complicity be proved.

Second, Actual malice—*malice in fact* is to be proved. Now this can not be done in one case in a million, even if you know the writer of the article. Malice is an emotion of the mind. It can only be inferred, as a general rule, from acts of an injurious character, precisely as the law now infers it. Malice may be *dis*proved by showing mistake, accident, want of motive, and in many other ways; but it can hardly ever be affirmatively proved. There are a few rare cases where a very violent and vindictive man blurts out his rancor and swears vengeance against his foe; but, in ordinary cases, there is no proof of the kind except what is to be found in the act itself. You know nothing of the intention till the deed is done. You have no proof of the purpose till the blood follows the blow. There is not one case in a million, we repeat, where a plaintiff can prove that any one of our frequent newspaper libels is inspired by actual malice. In the first place, you can not ascertain or prove the actual authorship of the article, and when you have done that you can prove nothing about the intentions or the mental purposes of the writer.

Third, To require proof of *special damage* is, in a large class of cases, absolutely to defeat all recovery. And these are generally the worst cases. In any case it is always difficult. If a merchant's solvency be denied, or a lawyer's probity attacked, it is very difficult for the one to show that he has lost business, or the other clients, in consequence of the particular charge. But if it is difficult in these cases to prove special damage, how shall it be done by a judge who is charged with corruption, by a soldier charged with cowardice, or a clergyman with immorality—unless the party libelled is impeached, or court-martialled, or dismissed, what kind of special damage can be proved? In cases of libel generally, what special damage can be proved except the harass, the mortification, the distress, and the anxiety which are all mere matters of the mind, and can be appreciated by no pecuniary standard? Wisely, indeed, does the law say that where an act evincing a disregard of the rights of others is done, malice, *i. e.* an intention to violate the law is to be inferred, and where that inference rightly exists, damages are to be presumed, and that they can be most fairly estimated by a jury.

Take a case that might arise any day after the passage of such a law as this. A clergyman finds himself some fine morning charged in one of the papers of large circulation, with some heinous immorality, or a magistrate with some scandalous corruption. He goes to the editor, and demands reparation. "God bless you, my dear fellow! I had nothing to do with the article. It was written by another person—I was absent—I was ill at home," or any thing else you please. "Very good. Who, then, is the author?" "Oh, I can't give him up!" or he is some totally irresponsible person, or so forth, and so on. "And do you indeed believe," says the indignant victim, "that I intend to sit down under this infamous libel without any reparation whatever?" "I rather think you must, my dear Sir," replies the editor, blandly, "unless one of two things—unless you can either show *malice in fact* or *special damage;* malice in fact—*malice in fact*, my good Sir!" and, rubbing his hands, he benignly bids the libellee good-morning. This will be the practical working of the law; and the upshot of it is, that the new act, if it passes, will practically remove all real restraint on anonymous publications, and leave the authors and publishers completely irresponsible. We have spoken only of the newspapers, but apply these rules to libellous pamphlets, and see where we shall be. We believe that those most interested in the fame and fortune of the press of this country would not desire to see any such state of things. Irresponsibility leads inevitably to abuse and oppression. The fate of this country depends on its press. There is no influence so potent, so constant. Politics, the pulpit, the law, society, are all feeble in their influence compared to that of the press. It is in the moral what the air is in the physical world. It is our atmosphere. On its purity or impurity our very lives depend. And the press can not preserve its character unless it is willing to acknowledge a reasonable submission to the law, or to those principles of morals enforced by the compulsory process of justice, which ought to constitute law.

But, says an advocate of the proposed change of the law of libel, take this case: Some day the Chickasaw County Bugle of Freedom announces "that Mr. Aminadab Smith last week, returning from a camp-meeting, was so completely bereft of his wits by liquor that his horses ran away with him, plunged fifty feet down the steep banks of the Passamaquoddy River, soused Aminadab in the water, sobered him completely, dashed on to his own house, and returned him to the bosom of his family a wiser, a discreeter, but not a drier man." The article "gets into the exchanges," as it is called. The "items men" of ever so many large papers, amused with the paragraph, clip it out and republish it. Now it happens that the article is perfectly false from beginning to end. Mr. Aminadab Smith is a highly respectable, extremely sober, moral man, and withal Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Temperance Society. Moreover, it unluckily happens that Mr. Aminadab Smith is not very bland in his temper, does not habitually let the sun go down on his wrath, and that he is considerably litigious by disposition. He finds the article "holding him up to contempt and ridicule," published in a score of papers all over the country, and some bright morning some twenty editors find themselves sued by Aminadab Smith, whose action is brought upon the impregnable legal propositions we have stated: Editor as responsible as the author; malice inferred; damage presumed—and some twenty editors are obliged to defend some twenty suits, in which really there is no real cause for blame, and in which still verdicts may pass against them. Such a case as we have supposed, we understand actually to be the immediate origin of the proposed law.

Now it is evident that this case is very provoking, and calculated to render the press very indignant. But a few remarks will, we think, show where the shoe pinches. In the first place, it is obvious that no system that secures legal responsibility can prevent the bringing of unfounded or ridiculous suits. Defendants are every day dragged into court and put to the trouble and expense of resisting the most absurd claims imaginable. In the second place, it is equally obvious that one law can not be made for the rich and another for the poor—one for the obscure and another for the conspicuous. It may be very ridiculous for Mr. Aminadab Smith to complain of being libelled or injured by a slip in a paper published where he was never heard or thought of, but the law has but one rule, and that applies as well to Aminadab Smith as to George Washington. The application of the rule is another matter; that lies with the courts and the juries. Thirdly, it is equally obvious that if these suits could be *defended* by proving all the facts, viz., utter want of knowledge, absence of motive, etc., etc., showing how the extract was originally published, and how it came to be republished, no verdicts could be obtained, and that Mr. Aminadab Smith would return to Chickasaw County with a flea in his ear. And this brings us to the real defect of the present law of libel. It does not lie with the rules to which we have already referred regulating the plaintiff's rights. It consists in the rules which exclude testimony that ought to be let in for the *defense*.

Two great steps have been taken in regard to the law of libel in this State. In the first place, the truth can now be proved, and is a complete defense. Secondly, under our much-abused code facts tending to establish the truth, suspicious circumstances, etc., can be proved to mitigate damages; or, in other words, to rebut the legal presumption of malice. These are the gradual acquisitions of experience. We need a third. A defendant ought to be allowed to show *any circumstances whatever* connected with the source, origin, authorship, publication, or republication of the alleged libel, tending to disprove actual malice, or to rebut the legal presumption of malice. No editor or publisher ought to have less justice than this—none ought to ask more. When a libellous charge is published, if the defendant can not prove the truth of the charge—if he can not prove any thing tending to prove its truth—if he can not, finally, on the whole facts of the case, satisfy a jury that he was not actuated by malice, why it seems pretty clear that he ought to pay for the gratification of his taste or temper.

In other words, in case of the publication of an attack on character, the burden of proof to rebut the presumption of malice resulting from an assault on the fair fame of a person should be thrown on the party making the attack. But he should be allowed to prove every thing connected with the transaction which could tend to show that the publication was made without any desire to injure, or reckless indifference to the feelings of others. Juries are usually very fair tribunals in these matters. If all the facts were got out, they would rarely render unjust or passionate verdicts, and if they did, the whole matter would still be under the control of the general power of the Court to order new trials. The code of libel would then stand thus:

First, The publisher would be directly responsible.

Second, An injurious act would be presumed illegal, or, in technical phrase, malicious.

Third, Some damages would be presumed.

Fourth, But the editor or publisher would be at liberty to show all the facts of the case, and thus defeat his liability, if, on the whole showing, his conduct appeared innocent.

This, we believe, would be admitted to be a reasonable system, just to the public and just to the press. The law which we have given above is, in the language of Mr. Webster, a "Bill of abominations."

We believe that laws somewhat similar to this have been introduced or passed in some of the smaller States; and precedent may be invoked. It is but a poor reason for a poor thing. New York is already the clearing-house of the Union. If she is but true to her marvelous natural position and to her capacities—true to herself—another century will see her the central point of the world. We know as much more than Connecticut or Illinois about the operations of the press as we do about the operations of commerce. New York should give, not take the law.

SUDDEN DEATH.

A FLORID, robust man of forty-five, in the full enjoyment of life, active and successful in the pursuit of wealth, free and hearty in the appreciation of its comforts and luxuries, hurries up from Wall Street with the fever of excitement fermenting in his blood, arrives at home, sits down at once to his three covers, dessert, and Champagne, bolts his dinner with vivacity, feels uneasy, complains of pain, retires to his room, and lies down on his bed. His wife comes to tender consolation and aid; the sick man *rises*, and falls dead. This is an incident of but a day or two since in our metropolis, and we speak of it, not to teach a moral, but to impress a maxim of health.

In this particular case, it is said—but whether on loose medical surmise, or from strict investigation after death we know not—that there was previous disease of the heart. This, however, does not materially affect the fact which we wish to impress, that the immediate cause of death was the sudden *rising* of the sick man.

The material part of the human system, it should be recollected, is hardly more independent of mechanical laws than a steam-engine. Gravitation, friction, hydrostatic pressure, and other principles of mechanics are found illustrated in both the one and the other machine.

The sudden rising to which we attribute the death alluded to, interrupted the flow of blood to the brain, and the fatal result was the consequence. From previous disease, perhaps, and certainly from the excitement of the business of the day and the hurried and over-abundant dinner (causing a rapid concentration of nervous energy and rush of blood toward the stomach, and diverting the supply necessary for the action of the heart), the heart was so weakened as to be barely able to circulate the blood. In an erect posture and in a state of health this organ, by its own force, propels its life-giving fluid to the brain in spite of gravitation; when weakened by disease or excitement, it may be, however, and is often, unable to overcome by its own power the mechanical principle which resists it. Under these circumstances, if the person lies down, the heart, though weakened, is able, as gravitation no longer opposes but aids it, to send to the brain that supply of blood necessary to life.

A reclining posture, therefore, in all these cases of sudden heart attacks with severe prostration, is the only security against death. The sick person should be laid at once on his back, with his head down, and not allowed to rise for a single moment until all danger is past. So in an ordinary fainting fit, which is no more than a temporary weakness of the heart, the person attacked should never be raised, as is too often done by officious by-standers, for death may be the result. In fact such cases of fatality are daily occurring from a want of that simple elementary knowledge the importance of which we now desire to inculcate. Again, in convalescence from severe disease, when the patient is well but weak, death frequently occurs on his suddenly rising from bed, and thus transferring gravitation from a help to an obstruction to the propulsion of the blood to the brain. These are simple truths, but the great fact of life or death is based upon them, and therefore, simple as they are, we commend them to the earnest consideration of all.

THE BED OF THE OCEAN.

The wonders of the sea are as marvelous as the glories of the heavens; and they also proclaim, in songs of unutterable praise, that they too are the work of Holy fingers.

Among the revelations which scientific research has lately made concerning the crust of our planet, none are more interesting to the student of nature, or more suggestive to the Christian philosopher, than those which relate to the physics of the sea, and which the investigations connected with the "Wind and Current Charts" of Lieutenant Maury have brought to light.

They not only lead us into the workshops of the inhabitants of the sea—show us through their nurseries and cemeteries, and enable us to study their economy—but the latest report from the Superintendent of the National Observatory conducts us into the very chambers of the deep; it treats of facts which go to show that the roaring waves and the mightiest billows of the ocean repose—not upon hard or troubled beds—but upon cushions of still water. That every where at the bottom of the deep sea the solid ribs of the earth are protected as with a garment from the abrading action of its currents, and the cradle of its restless waves by a stratum of water at rest, or so nearly at rest that it can neither wear nor move the lightest bit of drift that once lodges there.

The tooth of running water is very sharp. See how the Hudson has ate through the Highlands, and the Niagara cut its way through layer after layer of solid rock. But what are the Hudson and the Niagara, with all the fresh water-courses of the world, by the side of the Gulf Stream and other great "rivers in the ocean?"—[Lieutenant Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea]—and what is the pressure of fresh water upon river-beds, in comparison with the pressure of ocean water upon the bottom of the deep sea?

And why have not the currents of the sea worn away its bottom? The pressure of the water upon the bed of our mightiest rivers is feather-light in comparison with the pressure of the deep sea upon the bottom under it.

Let us see what the pressure is where the sea is only 3000 fathoms deep—for in many places the depth is even greater than that. It is equal there, in round numbers, to the pressure of six hundred atmospheres. Six hundred atmospheres, piled up one above the other, would press upon every square foot of solid matter beneath the pile with the weight of 1,396,000 pounds, or 648 tons.

The better to comprehend the amount of such a pressure, let us imagine a column of water just one foot square, where the sea is 3000 fathoms deep, to be frozen from the top to the bottom, and that we could then, with the aid of some mighty magician, haul this shaft of ice up and stand it on end for inspection and examination. It would be 18,000 feet high; the pressure on its pedestal would be more than a million and a quarter of pounds; and if placed in a ship of 640 tons burden, it would be heavy enough to sink her.

There are currents in the sea where it is 3000 fathoms deep, and some of them—as the Gulf Stream—run with a velocity of four miles an hour, and even more. Every square foot of the earth's crust at the bottom of a four-knot current 3000 fathoms deep, would have no less than 506,880—in round numbers, half a million—of such columns of water daily dragging, and rubbing, and scouring, and chafing over it, under a continuous pressure of 648 tons.

Water running with such a velocity, and with the friction upon the bottom which such a pressure would create, would, in time, wear away the thickest bed, though made of the hardest adamant.

Why, then, has not the bottom of the sea been worn away? Why have not its currents cut through the solid crust in which its billows are rocked, and ripped out from the bowels of the earth the masses of incandescent, molten matter that is pent up and boiling there?

If the currents of the sea, with this four-mile velocity at the surface and this hundreds-of-ton pressure in its depths, were permitted to chafe against the solid matter of its bed, the Atlantic, instead of being two miles deep and 3000 miles broad, would, we may imagine, have been long ago cut down into a narrow channel that might have been, as the same ocean, turned up on edge, and measuring 2 miles broad and 3000 deep. But by this the proportion of land and water surface would have been destroyed, and the winds could not have sucked up from the sea—for the lack of area to play upon—vapors for the rains, and the face of the earth would become as a desert without water.

Now there is a reason why such changes should not take place—why the currents should not uproot nor score the deep bed of the ocean—why they should not throw out of adjustment any physical arrangement whatever in the ocean; for in the presence of everlasting wisdom a *compass has been set upon the face of the deep, its waters were measured in the hollow of the Almighty hand, bars and doors were set to stay its proud waves, and when He gave to the sea His decree that its waters should not pass His command, He laid the foundation of the world so fast that they should not be removed forever.*

The currents of the deep sea are therefore so adapted and arranged that they should not wear its foundations away. Its bed is protected from abrasion by a cushion of still and heavy water. There it lies—that beautiful arrangement—spread out over the bottom of the deep, and covering its foundations as with a garment, so that they can not be fretted. If the currents chafe upon it now here, now there, as they sometimes probably do, this protecting cushion is self-adjusting; and the moment the unwonted pressure is removed, the liquid cushion is restored, and there is again compensation.

If the labors of the superintendent of the National Observatory, with his assistants, had been attended by no other results than those contained in this discovery touching the physics of the sea, it alone would have been, in the eyes of all great and good men, an exceedingly rich harvest for the time and labor expended.

This discovery suggests that the streams of running water in the sea play rather about its surface than in its depths.

The causes which produce oceanic currents reside at and near the surface; they are changing heat and cold with their powers of contraction and expansion; the winds and sea-shells, with evaporation and precipitation; and none of these agents appear capable of reaching very far down into the depths of the great and wide sea with their influences.

On the other hand, the most powerful agents in the atmosphere reside at and near its bottom; so that, when these two great oceans meet—the aqueous and the aerial—there we probably have the greatest conflict, and the most powerful raging of the forces that set and keep them in motion, making them to rage and roar.

The greatest depth at which running water is to be found in the sea is probably in the narrowest part of the Gulf Stream, as, from its mighty fountain, it issues through the Florida pass; and the deep-sea thermometer shows that even here there is a layer of cold water in the depths beneath, so that this "river in the sea" may not chafe against the solid bottom.

What revelations of the telescope, what wonders of the microscope, what fact relating to the physical economy of this terrestrial globe, is more beautiful or suggestive than this secret from the hidden paths of the sea?

Lieutenant Maury, in his researches, has as yet found no marks of running water impressed upon the foundations of the sea beyond the depth of two or three thousand feet. Should he be able, by his future researches, to establish this as a fact, it will prove of the greatest value in submarine telegraphy.

What may be the thickness of this cushion of still water that covers the bottom of the deep sea, is a question of high interest, but we must leave it for future investigation. Perhaps we may return to the depths and bottom of the ocean at another time, and invite the contemplation of their aspects from other points of view.

PRUSSIA AND NEUFCHATEL.

With your map of Europe before you, drop a half-dime upon the northwestern angle of Switzerland: the Lake and Principality of Neufchâtel will be lost to sight. For, confidentially, Neufchâtel is not so large as Russia. The main land of that smaller empire, Rhode Island, furnishes a better equation, especially if you place within it about as many inhabitants as there are in the District of Columbia, now that Congress is in session. Let them all be of the mountain party though. For Neufchâtel is but a saddle flung over the back of Mount Jura; one flap falling suddenly down upon the unruffled waters of the lake—how dearly Jean Jacques, in his odd Oriental costume, loved those waters!—the other touching that frontier of France where Burgundy used to be. The people, save here and there along the edges, are strictly highlanders, pastoral, agrestic, primitive; and if, speaking the French language, and partaking of Gallic willfulness and restlessness, they have ousted his Majesty of Brandenburg from the stirrups of that same saddle, the fact only proves that there, among those Alpine outskirts, is one of the haunts of that "mountain nymph, sweet Liberty."

Just a hundred and fifty years ago this January, there died at Paris an old Duchess of Nemours, who, from some of her Bourbon ancestors, had inherited this paltry principality. Through intermarriage, many years before, the Brandenburg people fell heirs to the title, placing Neufchâtel like a rough diamond in the new Prussian crown. There for ninety-nine years it remained, until Napoleon compromised a felonious theft of Hanover, which the Prussian king had seized an interval of pretended neutrality to perpetrate upon George the Crazy, of England, by accepting Anspach and Neufchâtel in lieu of hush money. Berthier, a prime favorite of the Emperor, was next year made hereditary prince of the latter, enjoyed all the honors and avails of that dignity until 1814, when, taking advantage of the clamor, confusion, and dust caused by the crumbling of the Napoleonic throne, the Neufchâtelois sheltered themselves beneath the ægis of free Switzerland. The Congress of Vienna, in 1815, was besought by King Frederick to give him back his rugged principality; the principality itself besought their serene legitimacies to leave it in the more respectable and modest company it had so recently selected. Reflecting, no doubt, that no material advantage could possibly accrue to Prussia from possessing the remote mountain patch, and that its *patois* and traditions rather allied it with the adjacent Pays de Vaud and Geneva, the Congress sensibly assigned the title of Prince, with a nominal protectorate, to his Prussian majesty, and added Neufchâtel, as a twenty-second canton, to the Swiss confederacy. From that day to this there has been no end to the conflicts therein, between a faction longing to convert the Prussian shadow of authority into substance, and another party, embracing the entire mountain population, who prefer to have done with Prussia altogether. So high, in the year 1831, ran this contentious spirit, that nothing short of a stout federal army sent over the lake could separate the brawlers. Once more, in 1847-'48, seeing the amiable temper of King Frederick in the presence of general revolt, the Neufchâtelois applied at Potsdam for a complete relinquishment of all claims whatsoever upon their canton; and on the 5th April, 1848, went home with his majesty's letters patent, embodying his unreserved resignation of all right, title, and interest. Recovered from his panic, this fallacious king unsaid many things he had promised, and unswore many oaths he had obtested: his concession to Neufchâtel among the rest. He proceeded to intrigue and negotiate with the *ci-devant* principality, and with Switzerland, vainly. Elsewhere he fared better. During the short-lived reign of Derby and Disraeli in Downing Street, he juggled the four Great Powers into a protocol declaring his rights in the principality to be unaffected by an act extorted from his fears; and with this document he once more assailed the Switzers. Vainly again. So the matter slumbered uneasily until last summer, when a young aid-de-camp of his, a Count of Pourtales, crept in among the coveted hills, mustered the members and friends of his family, the most wealthy and numerous of the old royalists, and having enlisted some two hundred active partisans besides, pronounced, one fine morning in September, for the inalienable rights of Prussia and her crown. The revolution lasted just one turn of the earth on its axis. During those twenty-four hours the insurgents committed flat burglary upon the castle of Neufchâtel, flaunted the black eagle of Prussia from its pinnacle, and in its depths deposited several members of the Council of State, whom they had picked up about the streets. The village of Le Chaux de Fonds, upon the opposite flap of the saddle, they also, by a simultaneous movement, took possession of. During the latter hours of the same twenty-four, they were all in turn captured by a few platoons of Federal soldiery assisted by the rallying mountaineers, who swarmed down the hillsides for that purpose, and were safely locked up in the stead of the State Councilors before-mentioned. Word of these things no sooner reached Berlin than his majesty of the black eagle, through his resident at Berne, demanded an instant and unconditional discharge of the captives without bail or trial. The Grand Council of Switzerland refused. The King, relying perhaps upon sympathetic recollections of Boulogne and Strasbourg, as well as upon the London protocol, applied to Louis Napoleon to back his reiterated demand. The backing was furnished with more zeal than courtesy. On the 23d of November, Switzerland rendered its ultimatum, declining to gratify their conjoint majesties. So since that day Prussia has gone on to arm her troops, place every thing military upon a war footing—they call it mobilizing the army in diplomatic jargon—obtain rights of way across intervening territories to get at Switzerland, and to demonstrate generally and fiercely against the obstinate cantons. The cantons, on the other hand, have scoured up their firelocks, levied extraordinary military contingents, called out the reserve, ordered an extra session of the Diet, put the rebels upon trial, and so met the demonstrations of Prussia with resolute activity, and the old warlike hardihood.

After this brief of the case, it is needless to say that, where diplomatic monstrosities go for little, the claims of Prussia will quite surely go for less. It is the way of the world to stand even to its bad bargains. This is not the way of the Prussian king, nor of several other kings we might mention. What trifling hold that potentate may have had upon these Alpine people he certainly resigned nine years ago; quite as certainly without the pressure of reasonable apprehension from those who petitioned for the quit claim. To revive it—and the demand for the release of these mountain madcaps involves the assertion of a sovereignty more absolute than even the Great Frederick arrogated—is to disregard every pretense of justice, sense, or prudence. Nobody knows of the Prussian treasury being richer by a thaler for its Neufchâtel dependency. The qualified rights it there possessed gave no value to the soil as the basis of military operations; and beyond the barren name which, in their plentitude of Lilliputian territories and titles, the House of Hohenzöllern might well spare, they have really nothing at stake in the controversy. Switzerland, on the contrary, can not only point to contiguity of position, congeniality of race and language, and the almost unanimous popular sense of the disputed canton, as tokens of its appropriate union with the Confederation; but also to the action of the Vienna Congress, and the voluntary abdication of the King of Prussia as the complement and crown of its case. As an issue of practical right, therefore, measured by everyday principles of equity and comity, the Prussian is without the color of justice; and were he chastised, like a malicious school-boy for wanton mischief-making, he would have no more than his deserts.

But, unhappily, there is another forum for the adjudication of such matters, where our hero of the black eagle has things pretty much his own way. It is where might makes right, and the dragoon sabre weighs down the clumsy old sword of Justice. Prussia is one of the five great powers of the European world. She has some 17,000,000 of people within her territories; an ordinary annual income of $75,000,000; a standing army of 330,000 men. The latter, upon a war footing, is readily swollen to twice the bulk, while a *levée en masse* brings 2,000,000 of men into the field. Switzerland counts up a population slightly less than 2,500,000; an average revenue of $4,000,000 a year; an army of 88,000 men, with a reserve of 36,000 more, and a possibility, in a death struggle, of mustering 150,000 in all. Thus, in an open field and without favor, Prussia, to say nothing of the moral influence of family alliances, Teutonic sympathy, and the four formidable signatures to the Downing Street protocol, would have every material advantage of the contest, and would doubtless annihilate the minor power, even were the Swiss infantry what it was three centuries ago, and Swiss patriotism the substantial article prevalent in the days of Tell and Winkelried. Fortunately, the fight is *not* to come off in an open field. Switzerland couches behind the grandest ramparts the God of armies ever girt freedom withal; the same ramparts, and perhaps the same steady gallantry against which Austrian archdukes, and holy Roman emperors, and insane Burgundian princes, have aforetime dashed themselves to fragments. These stand between the holiday troops of the Berlin parade, and the sturdy mountaineers of the Alps and Jura. There is a long way for the Prussian army to march before it come face to face with its enemy, even if it do not follow the line of the Prussian territory, straggling over the map of Germany like the tracks of an intoxicated cow in a meadow. And inasmuch as at the best of times, whereby we of course mean the "piping times of peace," it costs just ninety per cent. less to support a Swiss soldier than a Prussian; inasmuch as the whole male adult population of Switzerland is thoroughly trained to arms and already occupies the battle-ground, while a large proportion of the Prussian army must be reserved for garrison duty, and the exigencies of public order at home, and the Prussian *ban* and *arrière-ban* can not be "mobilized;" inasmuch, again, as the first blow of the conflict must rally shoals of malcontents from every kindred and tongue of Europe to the Swiss standard, leaving neutral governments enough to do to repress sympathetic insurrection within their own bounds; it is eminently possible than the ravening bird of the Brandenburgs may go back to its own moulting ground, with pillaged plumage and crippled wings. And if we overlook the absolute necessity of Swiss independence and unity to the security of the several states about it, and also the real kindness of the French emperor for that hospitable *bourgeoisie*, who, in his dark days, stood stoutly by him against the reiterated demands of Louis Philippe, and threats far more portentous and imminent than those of the German, we shall omit two considerations very likely to do an important turn for the Switzer, should he be plunged in the realities of war.

Such is the Neufchâtel question; a mere shell and semblance of a question, yet explosive enough to set Europe ablaze, and convert the frosty peaks of the Alps into so many volcanic beacons of revolution, whose lava shall overflow many lands. Sober after-thoughts may teach the Prussian monarch the hazards of the game he has sate down to, and perhaps persuade him to desist and fling away his cards. Unless his nerves are stronger than they were ten years ago, he may dread the possibility of an *émeute* in his Cracovian dominions, or in his own beloved Berlin, or a revolt in Hungary, or a demonstration in Poland. He may recoil from the responsibility of disturbing the tranquillity of Europe for this dwarf of a question; may listen to his engineers, when they expound the difficulties of an Alpine campaign, where cuirassiers are a sounding brass, and siege-trains a tinkling cymbal. In these possibilities lies the prospect of a pacific adjustment of the quarrel. Shall we be censured for owning that we almost deprecate such a solution, seeing how richly Prussia merits castigation for her presumptuous bravoism; and how Europe would be benefited by her reduction to the third-rate power she once was at the feet of the elder Napoleon?

CAMELS IN TEXAS.

The camel experiment on the plains of the South has been a success. One camel is capable of doing the work of four mules, and doing it quicker and more cheaply. It would not be surprising if, a few years hence, we had regular caravans across the plains in advance of the Pacific Railroad. One part of the experiment is yet undecided. The Secretary of War, Mr. Jefferson Davis, has not yet had the pleasure of presenting to the people a native camel. But he is confident that in a few weeks he will have that satisfaction. It is, perhaps, indiscreet to attempt to be precise in promising the advent of little humpbacked strangers; but we can assure the public that the hopes of the Department are very high and confident.

A VISIT TO THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

Our neighbor's privacy was invaded last night at the very witching hour when graveyards yawn and the Five Points send out their best burglars. He gave us a breakfast-indigestion, by bolting in upon our toast and coffee; nor could we pacify him until a visit to the Chief of Police was arranged.

That fat and fair official of forty years or so, burrows in a damp cellar of the City Hall, where civic mismanagement consigns him. We find him out with difficulty, for we entered by the Park Row side, and have groped along a cobwebbed wall and through a dusty gateway, and martyred toes over half a dozen posts with chains attached, that serve on "training-day" in the Park to fence in the officials who review the soldiers. There is a sudden pull-up, as a flash of gaslight comes out by the door of the office. Looking in a little window, a telegraphic operator is seen at work. Before him are the extremities of twenty-two wires, communicating with the same number of police-stations in the city. A pale youth in blue costume is soliloquizing over his shoulder, as a chance observer might say, yet in reality repeating messages to some clerk, who, in the dim obscurity, is writing them in a book.

"No. 18 has a lost child in;" or, "Man died in No. 7 last night—send Coroner;" or, "Fire in 5th District out—no damage;" or, "Morning report delayed—will be down by eleven;" or, "Bully Nelson has escaped on bail—tell Chief." And as the magnetism clicks out its appropriate rhetoric, we feel as if our fingers were upon the very pulse of crime in the great metropolis.

There is a doorway grated at the right. Is this the entrance? No; only a lock-up for the night—a remembrance of the old watch-house times, when Jacob Hays triumphed and Dicky Riker reigned. "That way, Sir, if you want the Chief," comes to our aid from a polite M. P., shining with the civic brass, who is just emerging from a whitewashed recess. Following the lead of his finger, we enter the public office, and are in the midst of a crowd and a buzz. Several detectives are comparing notes about the stove—some of them sleepy and yearning for baths and breakfast, when the "Old Man" (as they familiarly call the Chief), shall give the word. Along the wall is a long pine desk, at which half a dozen gentlemen of the Press stand making magic hieroglyphics from the night returns, and compiling articles for city items. Behind the railing, on a raised platform, half a dozen clerks are writing up the complaint-books and minutes of the Bureau of Police. The chief-clerk is in what the children would call a "cubby-hole," checking off sundry names, and preparing certain orders for signature by the Mayor.

"Bowyer, my boy, what luck with the forger?" interrupts our contemplation. The query comes from a captain of police, who has just come in for report. The prince of American detectives, thus addressed, answers that Mr. Forger is safe in the Tombs, and that the Judge refuses bail. There comes a reply from the captain, something about the scoundrels squealing now who did the job. But as Mr. B. turns to an inner room the colloquy breaks off, and by his leave we follow him. The room is furnished on all sides with closets. Detective A, or B, or C, and so on, far down into the office alphabet, have several interests in these—they keep their papers here, their changes of dress mayhap, the clews to different crimes, their daguerreotype galleries of distinguished felons, their clubs, and various accessories to their craft. It is their private conversation room too, and in its farthest corner is the dark closet, wherein the stolen property goes. "Thank you, Mr. Bowyer, for the wished-for peep; why, what a curious collection!" Champagne baskets with costly china, trunks of every size containing apparel and jewelry, pistols, guns, shawls, coats, furs, boxes, bales, and a score of *et ceteras*, which await the owners' attention to the proper advertisements. Some taken from thieves who are freshly put into State Prison; others found in the street; all of them waifs and estrays upon the world's great ocean of property.

Withdrawing from the closet, and recrossing the public chamber, there is a suite of rooms—dungeons more like, for they are under ground, and the windows high up and narrow—appropriated to the Chief. A private door, cut to the floor and opening on the Park up half a dozen flight of steps, gives the first of these a more cheerful look. A small portion is railed in, and behind the desk sits the Chief, who, wearing spectacles, has four eyes to crime, and perhaps can box the compass with them quite at once! Around him are collected the captains of the city. 'Tis the daily hour now in which each one comes down, with morning report in hand, to give the statistics of his beat. The large sheet containing it has a column for names of arrests, another column for the offense, a third pair of lines give room for the disposition of the prisoners, still another column contains the names of the officers making the arrest. And towards the foot of the paper is a space to be devoted to special matters, such as fires, riots, disorderly houses, negligences of storekeepers, and suspicious persons seen upon the various beats, with some stray allusions to intemperance and the state of the streets. But the reports are soon gone through with. Captain A has special duty for the day, or Captain B desires leave of absence for a certain time, in order to ferret out a matter; or the duties of the others demand their attendance elsewhere; and in a few minutes after we have entered it, the room is cleared.

"Mr. Matsell, I believe?"

"At your service, Sir."

There are mutual bows, and our friend bursts with impatience to tell his story. At the word burglary, the Chief rises and motions to an inner room. He springs a magic catch, and straightway a little gate in the railing admits us, and we follow him to a secret audience room, some seven feet by nine in dimensions. It is lighted by a window near the ceiling, and in one corner is a private lock-up, or a closet, which may be used by a convenient clerk, who, stationed there, can overhear every thing within, and take it down in black and white for future use. Pictures of ex-mayors, in small frames, are on the walls—a capital print there of "Old Hays"—some fire-caps of black leather lay upon the window-sill, a few books on criminal law crowd the mass of papers on the narrow table, a stray pair of hand-cuffs clink together ominously from a nail in the wall, a case of daguerreotypes divides the shelf of a little desk in company with a dusty file of newspapers. The room is nicely carpeted, and the chairs are soft to sit upon. But we seem to smell an odor, as if the balm for a thousand crimes had been prepared and bottled in the very place, and the Chief had just taken the stopper out.

He hears the story of the burglary, then muses for a moment, next wipes his specs a trifle. "It sounds like one of Jimmy Wilson's strikes," he says. "Left all the plated-ware and clothing, eh—took only silver and jewelry? The swag is melted up three hours ago, and there is no trace to be found, mayhap!" Our friend looks blue. "However, I'll have him piped to-day, and my best man shall visit all the pawn-offices in the city, and perhaps in a few days there will be a clew."

"I dare say you hear much of this sort, Mr. Chief," we continue, as rising to leave.

"Much. Could these walls speak, there would be told tales whose interest might challenge the fancy of the most accomplished novelist; and some day when you have some leisure come in of an afternoon, and I can give you threads for a score of stories."

Bowing our acknowledgments, and promising an early acceptance of the invitation, we quit the sanctum. Our friend leaves his card and address with the clerk. The private door opens, and our visit has ended.

REPUDIATION IN CALIFORNIA.

By the last mail from the Pacific, we learn that the judgment of the Supreme Court, in the case of the road across the Sierra Nevada, has, as was expected, confirmed the opinion of all sound lawyers, and declared all the State debt, over and above $300,000, to be unconstitutional, null, and void. A remedial act is expected to be passed, and submitted forthwith to the people for ratification.

There is no doubt whatever but California will pay her debts. Not the least shade of danger overhangs her bonds, unsecured though they be. They are worth one hundred cents on the dollar to-day. But it can not be denied that the looseness with which former administrators in that State have acted in incurring the debt, in the face of the constitution, will not tend to elevate the credit of the State abroad. A people who intrust their affairs to the hands of rogues or fools are not those with whom it is safest to deal. And it will be well if the great-hearted people of California—who proclaim their readiness to put their hands in their pocket and pay the debt themselves, while they take the proper steps to avert suspicion of repudiation—bestir themselves also to satisfy the world that the days of fraudulent legislators, stuffed ballot-boxes, and Vigilance Committees are ended forever. The signs of such a consummation we believe to be at hand; and by none will its advent be more heartily welcomed than by the people of New York.

CHAT.

A SPOILED COURTESY.

Well! the Common Council has voted twenty-five hundred dollars; the merchants of New York have met, and passed resolutions, and appointed committees; the commodores, captains, lieutenants, and midshipmen of the Navy Yard have burnished up their buttons, and festooned their ball-room loft with bunting—all in preparation for a hearty response to England's welcome of Captain Hartstein and his officers. But, alas! the *Retribution* is not coming; and aldermen shall not feast and grow hilarious, at the public expense, in honor of the British Queen; portly merchants shall not stammer out their weary commonplaces; and the delicate waists of our beauties shall not be grasped by the sturdy arms of England's tars in the intimacy of the waltz and the redowa.

It is well that it should be so. We are glad that, by the discreet taste of Captain Hartstein and our Minister in London, who have refused the offer of the British Government to send the American officers of the *Resolute* in a man-of-war steamer, that a good thing will have no chance of being spoiled by any subsequent mismanagement. It is better that the event should remain with its simple expression of international courtesy—the few manly words of Captain Hartstein in behalf of the United States; and the brief, hearty, English response, "I thank you," of Queen Victoria.

We are not famous for the good taste of our public receptions. We have the *bon cœur mais mauvaise tête*—the heart to do the thing generously—but not the tact to do it gracefully. The difficulty—from the gregarious nature of our institutions and society—is to settle the question of precedence. No one will stand back and give place to his betters, for where will he find or acknowledge them?

A distinguished visitor arrives, and he is expected—as if he were a Briareus, with a hundred hands and fifty heads—to manipulate the outstretched palms and flatter the vanity of a whole population. Lafayette, long before our census showed us to be a people numerically of thirty millions, complained to his friends of the incessant hand-shaking and tongue-tickling to which he was obliged to submit during his last visit to the United States. He, however, like a true Frenchman, put the gayest possible face on the matter, and had a polite word for every occasion. That is a good story which is told of him. He, according to Nolte—who, by-the-by, is not the most veracious of historians—had found it necessary, at an early period of his triumphant exhibition throughout this country, to confine himself—in order to save his breath, and not overtask his invention—to as few words and ideas as possible. Accordingly, as one after another of his thronging admirers came up, Lafayette would ask each man the question, "Are you married?" When the answer was "Yes," the polite General would remark, "Happy fellow!" When "No" was the reply, "Lucky dog!" was the stereotyped phrase.

It is unreasonable to expect that one man, however great and mighty, is capable of shaking hands and saying soft things to thirty millions of people. We want a Master of Ceremonies; so let us elect one—by universal suffrage, if you please, to suit our democratic ideas—and delegate to him alone the expression, on all grand occasions, of the national courtesies. Let us look until our eyes are dazzled by the exceeding brightness of the advent, but "hands off!"

LOOKING AFTER THE LOST SHEEP.

Strangers who may have strayed into a Broadway or Fifth Avenue Church, pushed their way through expansive skirts to soft-cushioned seats, and listened dreamily to the combined harmony of the velvet-tongued preacher, the rustling of silks, and the operatic trills of the choir, think doubtless that our metropolitan piety is altogether a very charming, luxurious thing. It is delightful, no doubt, to kneel softly by the side of saints in purple and fine linen when the fashionable sexton of a fashionable church will let you; but refined piety, like refined religion, it must be confessed, is rather exclusive, and if sackcloth and ashes be your lot, you must fly the gilded winged cherubs, for birds of fine feathers, like all others, only flock together. Here, however, is an invitation which proffers a welcome to all, which we have taken down from—where? A bar-room.

THE GUESTS AT THIS HOUSE
ARE INVITED BY THE
REV. DR. VINTON
TO ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE AT
ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL,
BROADWAY,
Corner of Fulton Street,
Where Sextons will be ready to show them to Sittings.

Here is a good shepherd who, knowing that his sheep have fallen into a pit, would lay hold of them and lift them out. Religion in our large cities is apt to be too nice in its associations, and too much given to a well-bred horror of vulgar places and vulgar people. It has another fault: it indulges too much in abstract precept, and too little in practical guidance. There is many a good shepherd, however, at work among us, who knows "what to the faithful herdsman's art belongs," and is not too delicate to go into the pits of our city and look after the lost sheep. May such be rewarded with a fold full, so that we shall not be able to say:

> "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

FASHIONABLE CHARITY.

There is something very moving in the pathos of fashionable charity—it set some five thousand people, at least, tripping it on fantastic toe, the other night, at the Opera House, and again, on the twenty-second of January, it promises to raise the voices of fashion at a "Grand Amateur Concert for the benefit of the Woman's Hospital, and House and School of Industry," to be held within the painted walls of a Fifth Avenue palace. It is pleasant to have your dance and your Opera so commended to your conscience; but can not the heart be stirred to sympathy with the widow and orphan without straining the gorges and tossing the heels of fine ladies and gentlemen? Or is it that there is no sentiment left, and life is nothing but a jig and a song?

PECULIARITIES DUE TO HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION.

The marked differences existing between the different races of mankind are so obvious as to be made apparent to the most casual observer. These are not confined to wide stretches of latitude, where, by reason of diversity of climate, temperature, and other surrounding circumstances, they may reasonably be expected; but are found in the same latitudes, and, apparently, under precisely similar circumstances. That the native African, Asiatic, European, and American should present these characteristics in so eminent a degree as never to be mistaken is not surprising; but that not only the inhabitants of each country in Europe, living apparently under like conditions, but those of each small district, should bear about them an identity by means of which their localities may be assigned with tolerable certainty, is both surprising and curious.

We recognize at a glance the German, the Scotchman, the Frenchman, and the Englishman; nor do we with less certainty define the birth-place of the native of New England, the Middle States, the South, or the West, among the native-born citizens of the United States. Nay more, we are usually enabled to narrow this down, in country districts especially, to a very small circuit.

That most of these peculiarities are due to hereditary transmission does not admit of doubt, and yet, so familiar do every-day associations become, that few seem to recognize the blood of the parent coursing through the veins of the child.

One of the most remarkable exemplifications of the effects of this transmission is to be found in the Jewish race. It matters not whether he be born in Hungary, Germany, France, or America, the Jew still bears the characteristic physiognomy of his people.

Nor are the peculiarities of his mind less strongly marked. He is seldom engaged in agriculture, and rarely in mechanical pursuits—has no preference for country life, but delights to dwell in populous towns, where he has either "old clothes to sell," or is busied in exchanging money, or buying and selling securities. He forms but few attachments to the country in which he sojourns, and appears to be always ready to gather his valuables into a small compass, and, with his pilgrim's staff, to start anew upon his journeyings. When it is remembered how large a number of this race are scattered over the civilized world, and how diverse are their circumstances, it becomes obvious that nothing short of the strongest hereditary influence could thus stamp upon them the remarkable individuality that distinguishes them from all other nations.

This hereditary transmission, which tends to give permanence to races, and exercises an immense influence over civilization and the movements of human affairs, is found to enter into the minutest peculiarities in individual instances. The physical resemblance of the child to the parent is the very first thing that attracts the attention of the by-stander. "How like she is to her mother!" exclaims the friend who for the first time sees a miniature copy, perchance of a resplendent beauty, developed in the features of a little child.

These transmitted resemblances do not stop at the outlines of feature and form, but are discernible in the minutest peculiarities. Plutarch's celebrated case of a family, each member of which bore the semblance of a spear-head upon some part of the body, is not a singular one. There are few who do not recollect, in the list of their acquaintanceship, some case in which defects in the parent have been left as a legacy to the offspring. Every one has heard of the Bourbon nose; and no visitor can fail to mark in the present Queen of England the short, and not particularly graceful, upper lip, which for generations has been the distinguishing physical peculiarity of her family.

A gentleman who once filled the position of a member of the United States Senate informed the writer that he had been enabled to trace back through his progenitors, for nearly two centuries, a peculiar deformity of the toe upon the foot, which was just as manifest in his own person as it had been in that of his earliest ancestor of whom he had any knowledge. The writer is acquainted with a family, living in a neighboring State, in which the grandfather, father, and son are all marked with the same precise deformity of club feet—differing somewhat from the defect as it appears in others, but corresponding in their own cases exactly the one to the other.

Sir Walter Scott's novel of the "Red Gauntlet," or bloody hand, is founded upon the transmission of an hereditary peculiarity. In this work he mentions the fact that a family of distinction was known, some of whose members possessed a peculiar conformation of the muscles of the eyebrow and forehead, which, under the influence of anger, assumed the semblance of a horse-shoe, said to have been implanted upon the visage of an ancestor by a blow from the iron-clad hoof of a steed bestrode by his own father, while lying prostrate on the field of battle, and which terminated his life. The writer is acquainted with a family who have always held a distinguished place in this country, which is said to have derived its ancestry from this very Herries of Birckensworth, in which this peculiarity is still to be seen. He first witnessed this phenomenon in the face of a lady of great intellectuality and personal beauty, which, under the influence of a high degree of anger, suddenly —and apparently without any control on her part—assumed this peculiar expression as plainly as it is said to have done on the forehead of the offspring of Sir Albreck in the tale of "Red Gauntlet." Whether this be a fiction of Sir Walter's, or founded, as is most probable, upon some old family tradition, it is certain that a prototype exists in real life, under circumstances of birth which might easily account for the transmission of the peculiarity. Nor is it impossible for a defect of this kind to be thus transmitted. Blumenbach narrates the case of a man, the little finger of whose right hand was crushed and twisted by an accident, in whom the offspring had right hands with the little finger similarly distorted. This transmission of accidents is rather the exception than the rule; yet cases like Blumenbach's, of which there are several well authenticated on record, show the possibility, remote though it may be, of its occurrence. In a note to "Red Gauntlet," Scott narrates the case of a lady of quality, whose father was long under sentence of death, upon the back of whose neck was impressed the mark of an executioner's axe; and another, a number of whose immediate ancestors had been killed in battle, who bore upon her person what appeared to be gouts of blood.

The hereditary transmission of certain diseases—as consumption, scrofula, and gout—is well known, nor is the influence of parentage upon longevity of less general acceptance. Indeed, this influence is so well recognized, that it is the invariable practice of Life Insurance offices to ascertain the comparative longevity of the ancestors of the person upon whose life insurance is sought, and to predicate their estimate of probable life, in part, upon the information thus elicited.

But the most peculiar characteristic of hereditary influence is its capacity to transmit moral qualities, or traits peculiar to the mind. In this mode evil propensities are frequently made to pass, from parent to child, through a long lineage, literally verifying the language of Holy Writ, which declares that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation. The transmissibility of the vices of intemperance and gaming are proverbial, nor is development of those departures from rectitude by which society is outraged less obvious. Every institution in which the children of parents depraved in character are admitted, has its record of cases in which the child, although freed from the corrupting influence, has ultimately developed the bad traits which distinguished the father, and finally become his companion in infamy. Our police records bear a melancholy testimony to the transmissibility of a disposition to crimes of a particular class, and too frequently record the sentence of father and son, or mother and daughter, for the same offense.

It may be asked why all children are not invested with the vices or virtues of their parents. The reply, which is significant, is, that it does not usually happen that both parents are depraved alike, and that the hereditary influence of the one is neutralized by that of the other.

The law of variation which here interposes, and implants a portion of the characteristics of both father and mother upon their children, is a most salutary one; and if, as is usually the case, the characteristics of the parents be opposite, it gives character to the individual, and energy to the race. It is doubtless to this intermixture of races, in which the blood of the ancient Celts has become blended with that of their Saxon and Norman conquerors, that the indomitable energy of the English people and their descendants in the United States is mainly to be attributed.

VICE UNDERGROUND.

In the constant construction and reconstruction which seem to be the law of city as it is of bodily growth—though architecture bids fair to outstrip, in rapidity of renewal, the seven years in which the vital power is supposed periodically to renovate the human system—no one can have failed to observe the increased tendency to underground expansion.

A capitalist is no sooner possessed of an eligible corner lot than, ambitious of doubling his ten or twenty per cent., as it may be, he not only raises an enormous structure of iron and stone, story upon story, to the heaven above, but sinks it, layer under layer, down into the earth beneath. The chance pedestrian, as he hurries with nervous alarm over the frail paths of wood which bridge the deep chasms that are constantly, in the progress of our cities, opening beneath his feet, may well be struck with wonder at those enormous excavations which dizzy the sight to look into. His curiosity may prompt him, in his daily walk, to watch the progress of the work, and he will see how busily the spade and the pick are handled, until space, with all its length and breadth, expands in the very bowels of the earth. Now he will behold solid foundations of stone, deep-laid and strong, great walls of skillful masonry and arches of iron cunningly disposed with all the design and beauty of the most excellent workmanship. Soon the structure is complete, the seal of cement is applied, the dift thrown down, the pavement restored, and the passing crowd, in the sunlight of life and gayety, walks heedlessly over the buried house.

It is night, and let us enter. We descend, with no funereal throng, through a flaming portal, into the regions below. No cavernous breath chills our blood, no tomb-like stillness chokes the voice, no mournful symbol saddens the heart. The air is warm and fragrant, the light is blazing and cheerful, the scene is expansive, gay, and glittering. Painted walls, silken hangings, and gilded adornments, all artfully combine to produce a dazzling effect of brightness and gayety. There is life too, and in all its youth and vivacity. Crowds gather in thirsty eagerness about the gilded bar, pledging cup after cup in confused frequency, and challenging each other to exciting talk or ribald jests. Others, with older heads or more politic consciences, are taking their unobserved ease in the snug retirement of the curtained alcoves, where they may indulge in their "wine and wassail" without fear of an intruder. All is aglow with pleasure, and noisy with the riot of excitement. You might think that the male sex, as you look about you and see none but men, had all the revel to themselves; but a shrill voice, sounding wild and loud, may rise above the general murmur, when you are reminded of the possibility of worse orgies in some inner shrine, artfully hidden from open view.

We have given but a truthful picture of one of the thousand underground resorts which, with their secret temptations to vicious excess, are marked and by no means creditable features of city life. They are deliberately planned for the concealed enjoyment of tastes and appetites, which at best in their moderation are of doubtful legitimacy, but which in their excess no moralist can hesitate to condemn. Apart from the convivial extremes to which such places naturally lead, the fact that they are constructed with private entrances and secret departments for the express convenience not only of dissolute men but abandoned women, proves so clearly their immorality, that, if public opinion will permit, we can not understand how the conscience of reputable citizens will allow them—whatever may be the prospective profit—to invest their money in the building of such structures.

Making a due allowance for a certain degree of vicious excess which seems inseparable from the miscellaneous crowd and excitement of large cities, we can not but think that the prevailing practice of constructing these underground resorts of debauchery is responsible for much of our metropolitan immorality. The facility they offer to the withdrawal of those who have any proclivity to dissipation from the scrutiny of the public eye, is in itself a temptation to excess. The radically bad may not be made better at heart by the fear of exposure, but they are certainly checked by it from making those outward displays of vice which shock the good taste, and influence by example the conduct of the young. If vice is not hated by being seen, its manifestations are repressed and its grossness refined by a consciousness that it is exposed to the sight of the world. The apparently innocent purpose of these hidden resorts, which would seem to invite only to the allowable enjoyments of eating and drinking, is one of their chief dangers. He indeed must be a sharp-eyed Puritan who can see vice lurking in the shell of an oyster, and an over-strained moralist who would anathematize a roast, or a stew, or a fry, as the spawn of the devil. There are no immoralities that we know of necessarily inherent in such diet, and therefore we ask, why not indulge in it in the face of open day? Why dive into the bowels of the earth to eat and to drink and be merry? The theory of these places may be allowable conviviality, but the practice is lawless debauchery. It is always desirable that social enjoyment should be graced by the presence of virtuous woman, and thus checked by her refining influence from any tendency to grossness and excess. No reputable female, however, thinks of entering these underground saloons, though they may be the nightly resorts of their husbands, brothers, and sons. This fact alone, if not a proof of the degraded character of such places, is an evidence that they are destitute of the most effective means for the preservation of good manners and morals. If we are to live innocently, we must live frankly. Let us not, then, shirk our social relations and duties even in our pleasures. If we hide ourselves, whether it be to eat or drink, it is reasonable to suppose that we are about doing the one or the other in a manner that we have reason to be ashamed of. This secret enjoyment is at best selfishness, and probably far worse—gross sensuality. Let us eschew, then, the cavernous resort, in spite of the poet-laureate of the tapsters, who, under the slow inspiration of heavy stout, terms it a "cellar of delight," and show ourselves boldly, that we may be seen of men, and do nothing to shame them or ourselves.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

THE NEW ENGLISH BISHOP.—The High Church papers of England are very earnest in their condemnation of Lord Palmerston's late ecclesiastical appointments. The *Literary Churchman*, of December 13, speaking of the appointment of Rev. Robert Bickersteth to the See of Ripon, says: "Now, for the first time in the present Ministry, we find an ultra-Protestant, a bitter anti-Tractarian crusader promoted to the highest preferment, and that, too, in spite of want of learning, and of many other qualities which, for brevity's sake, we must compound together and call weight." Yet the *Churchman* hopes that his elevation will enlarge his views, and make his Episcopal administration more liberal and fruitful than might have been expected.

There is a vital and important contest going on in the bosom of the Church of England between the High and Low Church parties, which manifests itself in every movement of the Church, and in the policy of the Government in ecclesiastical affairs. It is really a contest between the essential elements of the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant faith. The starting-point is the real presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, as essentially connected with the office and divine right of the priest in administering it. The High Church party maintain the real presence; but, while accepting this as an object of faith, do not, as the Roman Catholics, attempt to explain *how* the body and blood are really present. The Low Church party understand that, in the Lord's Supper, the body and blood of Christ is given, taken, and received after a spiritual and heavenly manner, and the means whereby it is received is faith. Around this great controversial problem all the agitations of the essential Christian world are beginning to revolve. The Gorham case, some time ago, and Archdeacon Dennison's case, recently, are examples in point.

A REVIVAL OF EVANGELICAL PROTESTANTISM in Germany has been apparent for some years past. It is the counterpart and necessary product of the external revival of Roman Catholicism in Europe. The closer and more energetic alliance of the Church of Rome with Catholic governments has provoked a similar policy on the part of Protestant nations, especially on the Continent of Europe. The Paris *Univers*, alluding to this phenomenon, says, of Prussia, "The provincial states of the Lower Rhine have recently addressed their demands to the government in favor of both Catholic and Protestant interests. All that was asked for Protestants has been granted; all that was asked for Catholics has been denied. The Prussian government avails itself of every occasion to introduce Protestant institutions into Catholic towns."

From the foreign Church papers we see clearly, at least within the Protestant Churches, that the scarcity of candidates for the ministry is beginning to be felt in the Old World, as it is felt here in the New. We incline to think this is the case also, to some extent, in the Roman Catholic Church. It will become a great practical question, to which the Church must give earnest attention. Why do not the young and promising men of the age more generally become religious, then turn their attention more generally than they do to the ministry? These are the questions which must be discussed and answered in the Old and in the New World.

The reawakening of the Protestant churches in Europe to a more pure and earnest inner and outer Christian life, is evident from their movements to restore wholesome discipline, and to use more direct, continued, and efficient methods in preaching the Gospel by the ministers of the oldest and most conservative State and Independent churches, among whom are many of the ministers of the Church of England. A London editor says: "The Church of England ministers have been calling on their members, this week past, to attend a series of special services, not with a view to controversy, but to hear a simple statement of Gospel Truth.

"Our parish church in Birmingham has been crowded every night, almost to overflowing, listening to Dr. M'Neill, of Liverpool; the Rev. Mr. Ryle, the author of many useful tracts; and the Rev. Mr. Miller, the Rector of St. Martin's.

"Though not able to attend but one or two of the services, I was rejoiced to see all denominations crowding to the meeting. I can not convey to you an adequate idea of the effect of these services, which were characterized by the most eloquent, solemn, and tender appeals, and yet were of a familiar cast, and well adapted to our artisan population."

Church discipline is also attracting much attention in ecclesiastical circles. In this respect the movements of Protestant bodies on the Continent are daily becoming more important. The eighth Kirchentag, a convocation of ministers, was held recently at Lubeck, and there, among other questions, the revival of church discipline was earnestly discussed. Such a discussion naturally leads to a review of the past history of the Church, and recalls her former disciplinary provisions. As might be expected, the question of private confession comes up in this discussion, and the strongly conservative portion of the Protestant churches in Europe looks favorably upon a return to its use. The *Literary Churchman*, of London, says: "In Bavaria the High Consistory of the Lutherans is earnestly promoting confession and strict ecclesiastical discipline."

One of the evils of a legal connection between Church and State is, that the influence of the State often misleads the Church, and makes her lend her countenance and support to the worst measures and the worst characters. We have two instances in high places at present in Europe. Louis Napoleon is now regarded as a most important and most dutiful son of the Church; while the Archbishop of Toledo, Spain, in a late circular, speaks thus of the infamous Queen Isabella and her corrupt government: "To appease the Almighty, in order that so lamentable a misfortune should cease, let us abound in the religious feelings which so greatly distinguish her Majesty the Queen, and her pious and enlightened government."

Fairs in America, and tea-parties and festivals in England, particularly among Independents and Dissenters, are becoming a part of their machinery for raising funds for Church and benevolent purposes. Time, and a more thorough trial than has yet been made of their results, can alone answer the question, whether these are judicious means for such ends? We have always had our doubts, and the more we see and reflect, the more we doubt. We shall not state our objections in detail just now; the current is too strong from the other side. The foreign religious journals furnish numerous instances of these teas and festivals. At Sunderland, England, after the company, assembled in the lecture-room of the Congregational Church, had partaken of an excellent repast, a presentation was made to their pastor. Upon the installation of a minister in a Congregational Church in London, four hundred friends sat down to tea. A similar service, on a similar occasion, took place in the Isle of Wight, when "a very numerous assembly of Christian friends sat down to tea, the rooms being tastefully fitted up for the occasion." Almost every extra benevolent movement among the Wesleyans in the British Isles is made in conjunction with a breakfast or a tea-party.

The *Univers*, the leading Catholic journal of Europe, recently declared that the decline of Spain and the fall of the Inquisition were coincident. The matter is so put as to create the impression that the former was the result of the latter. This impression is indirectly supported by the *Univers* declaring, in this connection, that the two greatest writers of modern Spain, Denozo Cortez and Balmes, were apologists for the Inquisition. The article in the *Univers* produced a lively discussion in the Spanish papers, from which it appears clearly that the Inquisition is so odious to the Spanish people that the press in Spain would not advocate its restoration. It may be well to remember that, according to Florente, in his History of the Inquisition, under its authority, 31,912 persons were burnt to death; 17,659 were burnt in effigy; and 291,456 suffered severe punishment. The Inquisition was abolished in 1808 by Napoleon. The storming of its buildings by a detachment of the French army is one of the most painful and instructive passages in history.

Ecclesiastical lotteries are becoming quite frequent in France. Very recently one of 350,000 tickets, at a franc each, was drawn to raise money to purchase the holy hill of Fourviere, in order to prevent its desecration by private buildings, and to build a sanctuary thereon. The lottery has the express sanction of the Pope.

As an example of the popular appetite for what is strange and striking, we observe that a book, written by a German priest in the 17th century, has just been reprinted in France, in which it is contended that Antichrist will appear in 1855, and that he will spring from the Jewish and Mohammedan races, and acquire power to reduce all Europe to subjection. The *Univers*, in noticing the book, produces quotations from other Catholic writers in support of its views.

CHIPS FROM OUR LIBRARY;

A CHANCE MEDLEY OF FACT, SENTIMENT, AND ANECDOTE.

MAXIMS AND IDEAS.

Coleridge was admirable in his definitions, unlocking confused facts by the key of his philosophy. His reason cleaves the apparent lump of dirty earth, and lo! the crystal is seen at its finest fracture. He thus separated Maxims from Ideas: "A Maxim is a conclusion upon observation of matters of fact, and is merely retrospective; an Idea, or, if you like, a Principle, carries knowledge within it, and is prospective. Polonius is a man of maxims. While he is descanting on matters of past experience, as in that excellent speech to Laertes before he sets out on his travels, he is admirable; but when he comes to advise or project, he is a mere dotard. You see Hamlet, as the man of ideas, despises him. A man of maxims only is like a Cyclops with one eye, and that eye placed in the back of his head."

ILL SPEAKING OF OTHERS.

"The most gifted men that I have known," wrote Conversation Sharpe, as he was called by Sydney Smith and others of his friends, "have been the least addicted to depreciate friends or foes. Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Fox were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage; and, frequently, he is as venomous and false when he flatters as when he reviles. He seldom praises John but to vex Thomas."

THE LEAVE-TAKING OF ACTORS,

on finally quitting the stage, has something in it of more than common pathos, if we consider the idea of pleasure brought to a close which it involves, and how significant a type it is of the parting with friends in a final scene where we all have one "exit." We have been struck with this feeling in meeting, accidentally, with the lines spoken by Mrs. Siddons, at Covent Garden, on her retirement from the stage in 1812. They were written by her nephew, Horace Twiss, the recent biographer of Lord Eldon, then a rising young barrister. The verses are less stage-struck than usual on such occasions; indeed, with little change might serve the purposes of a farewell sermon, or the valedictory of a popular author:

Who has not felt, how growing use endears
The fond remembrance of our former years?
Who has not sigh'd, when doom'd to leave at last
The hopes of youth, the habits of the past,
The thousand ties and interests, that impart
A second nature to the human heart,
And, wreathing round it close, like tendrils, climb,
Blooming in age and sanctified by time?

Yes! at this moment crowd upon my mind
Scenes of bright days forever left behind,
Bewildering visions of enraptured youth,
When hope and fancy wore the hues of truth,
And long-forgotten years, that almost seem
The faded traces of a morning dream!
Sweet are those mournful thoughts: for they renew
The pleasing sense of all I owe to you,
For each inspiring smile, and soothing tear—
For those full honors of my long career,
That cheer'd my earliest hope, and chased my latest fear!

And though, for me, those tears shall flow no more,
And the warm sunshine of your smile is o'er—
Though the bright beams are fading fast away,
That shone unclouded through my summer day—
Yet grateful Memory shall reflect their light
O'er the dim shadows of the coming night,
And lend to later life a softer tone,
A moonlight tint, a lustre of her own.

Judges and Friends! to whom the tragic strain
Of nature's feeling never spoke in vain,
Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by,
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,
May think on her, whose lips have pour'd so long
The charmed sorrows of your Shakspeare's song;
On her, who, parting to return no more,
Is now the mourner she but seem'd before—
Herself subdued, resigns the melting spell,
And breathes, with swelling heart, her long, her last farewell!

Mrs. Siddons herself, by-the-way, wrote verses. The following, given in Campbell's biography, are apropos to the feeling of her retirement:

Lines.

Say, what's the brightest wreath of fame,
But canker'd buds, that opening close?
Ah! what's the world's most pleasing dream,
But broken fragments of repose?

Lead me where Peace with steady hand
The mingled cup of life shall hold,
Where Time shall smoothly pour his sand,
And Wisdom turn that sand to gold.

Then haply at Religion's shrine
This weary heart its load shall lay,
Each wish my fatal love resign,
And passion melt in tears away.

MISERS EXTINGUISHED BY PAPER MONEY.

"The passion for wealth," writes Charles Lamb, "has worn out much of its grossness by tract of time. Our ancestors certainly conceived of money as able to confer a distinct gratification in itself, not alone considered simply as a symbol of wealth. The old poets, when they introduce a miser, constantly make him address his gold as his mistress; as something to be seen, felt, and hugged; as capable of satisfying two of the senses at least. The substitution of a thin, unsatisfying medium for the good old tangible gold, has made avarice quite a Platonic affection in comparison with the seeing, touching, and handling pleasures of the old Chrysophilites. A bank-note can no more satisfy the touch of a true sensualist in this passion, than Creusa could return her husband's embrace in the shades. See the Care of Mammon in Spenser; Barabas's contemplation of his wealth in the Jew of Malta; Luke's raptures in the City Madam. Above all, hear Guzman, in that excellent old Spanish Novel, The Rogue, expatiate on the 'ruddy cheeks of golden Haddocks, your Spanish Pistolets, your plump and full-faced Portuguese, and your clear-skinned pieces of eight of Castile,' which he and his fellows the beggars kept secret to themselves, and did 'privately enjoy in a plentiful manner.' 'For to have them, for to pay them away is not to enjoy them; to enjoy them is to have them lying by us, having no other need of them than to use them for the clearing of the eyesight, and the comforting of our senses. These we did carry about with us, sewing them in some patches of our doublets near unto the heart, and as close to the skin as we could handsomely quilt them in, holding them to be restorative.'" De Foe's thieves have also this sense of the reality of money. Children, old women, and some inhabitants of semi-civilized and unsettled parts, are the only hoarders left: a coin to them is appreciable; a bond on extremely thin paper next to a nonentity.

HORACE WALPOLE.

Miss Hawkins, in her "Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs," has left us this sketch of the personal appearance of Horace Walpole: "His figure was not merely tall, but, more properly, *long* and slender to excess; his complexion, and particularly his hands, of a most unhealthy paleness. His eyes were remarkably bright and penetrating, very dark and lively: his voice was not strong, but his tones were extremely pleasant, and if I may say so, highly gentlemanly. I do not remember his common gait; he always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy which fashion had then made almost natural; *chapeau bras* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm; knees bent, and feet on tiptoe, as if afraid of a wet floor.

"His dress in visiting was, most usually, in summer—when I most saw him—a lavender suit, the waistcoat embroidered with a little silver, or of white silk worsted in the tambour, partridge silk stockings and gold buckles, ruffles and frill, generally lace. I remember, when a child, thinking him very much undressed if, at any time except in mourning, he wore hemmed cambric. In summer no powder, but his wig combed straight and showing his very smooth, pale forehead, and queued behind; in winter, powder."

DOCTOR'S DUELS.

The celebrated Dr. Mead, Queen Anne's physician, fought a duel with his brother practitioner, Woodward. The latter fell, when Mead, lowering his sword, magnificently saluted him—"Take your life and begone!" "Umph!" growled Woodward, rising, "as long as I haven't to take your physic!"

Sydney Smith, at a dinner at Rogers's, once entertained the company with an imaginary duel between two doctors fighting with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each other's lips.

"FREEDOM" REBUKED.

William Cole, one of the correspondents of Horace Walpole, we are told by Miss Hawkins (the daughter of Dr. Johnson's "unclubable" friend), was remarkable for what is called a "comfortable assurance." Dining in a party at Cambridge, he took up from the table a gold snuff-box belonging to the gentleman next to him, and bluntly remarked on its size, saying "it was big enough to hold the freedom of a Corporation." "Yes," replied the owner, "Mr. Cole, it would hold any freedom but yours."

A TEST.

A person, in the company of Churchill the poet, abusing another, said he was so extremely stupid that, if you said a good thing, he could not understand it. "Pray, Sir," asked Churchill, "did you ever try him?"

A STUDY OF POETRY.

Modern literature is seldom studied like the ancient, yet the pains taken with the old classics of Greece and Rome might often, not unprofitably, be extended to living instances. It is an honor and discipline, however, which keeps far in arrear of our own day. Yet why should not Shakspeare or Milton be studied with the same fidelity and closeness of application as Euripides or Homer? Why should Latin and Greek engross our cares and praises to the exclusion of Italian and French? The profit would frequently be on the side of the latter. In a recent case the method of the English University Questions has been applied to a contemporary poet. The effect is quite startling, but the example, though readily capable of abuse, is a good one. Tennyson has just been made the subject of an "Examination Paper" by the English "Society of Arts"—a compliment to literature and the man which anticipates the devotion of posterity. The interrogatories—showing something of the *naïveté* of cliqueish admiration—will supply materials of thinking to the American admirers of the bard; we commend them for what they are worth to our æsthetic circles:

"1. State what are the most prominent topics of Tennyson's poems, and prove your answer by references to the poems themselves.

"2. What subjects of human thought and speculation have hitherto found but little or no place in his poems?

"3. In the diction, form, and subject of his poems, what is the great difference between Tennyson and his predecessors?

"4. Have these peculiarities of his genius shown themselves more prominently in his later poems?

"5. Sketch out the plans of the *Princess* and *Maude*, and show their relation to each other.

"6. *In Memoriam* assumes the form of a monologue, and so does *Maude*; but the *Princess* is a narrative. Why?

"7. In what sense is Tennyson the poet (the seer and prophet that is) of the nineteenth century?

"8. Hamlet, the victim of the moral disorganization and confusion around him, falls a prey to the speculations which his own mind weaves for him. He can not come to the light, nor to any just sense of the reality of the external world. The *Novum Organum* had not yet been produced for the relief of men. The hero in *Maude* passes through the same ordeal; he also becomes utterly mad, but recovers. Which of the two poets is the sounder exponent of human nature under these circumstances? or, putting the Russian war aside, is there any thing in the different circumstances of the nation when the two poems were written to justify this difference of treatment?"

BROKERS' MORALITY.

Bacon in his Essay "Of Riches" notices a trait in the dealing of speculating brokers, from recent exhibitions, not lost sight of by those adventurous gentlemen at the present day. "Usury," he says, taking the view of the hire of money of his own times, now generally pronounced unsound by political economy, "is the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst, as that whereby a man doth eat his bread *in sudore vultus alieni* ('in the sweat of another man's brow'), and besides, doth plow upon Sundays. But yet certain though it be, it hath flaws; *for that the scriveners and brokers do value unsound men to serve their own turn.*"

KNOW THYSELF.

"It's all very well," says one of the Punch set, "to say 'Know thyself;' but supposing you never find yourself at home, how are you to get an introduction?"

CONSCIENCES.

Talking of the corrupt political condition of France, a gentleman, in conversation with Talleyrand, remarked to him: "In the Upper Chamber, at least, there are to be found men possessed of consciences." "Consciences!" replied the wit, "certainly, I know many a Peer who has got two!"

THE MUSIC OF TIME.

(A Fable after a Picture of Guido Reni).

Oh! Time has Music in his wings,
For of old in Tempe's classic shade,
A harp with a thousand dulcet strings
The Wizard to youthful Phœbus play'd.
Apollo he stepp'd a measure rare
With the Hours and Months unto Chronos' song;
And glad were the valleys in Thessaly fair,
And earth rejoiced as they danced along.

For there was of Morn the orient cloud,
And there was of Noon the golden light,
And there too was Evening's misty shroud,
And there was the dark blue vail of Night.
Bright Spring came forth with her flowers and leaves,
And the beauty of Summer show'd fair and young;
Brown Autumn she dressed her in fruits and sheaves,
And snows and ice upon Winter hung.

'Twas thus they moved o'er Olympus' clime,
And you might have fancied as on they past,
That the spells they wrought to the notes of Time,
A varying landscape around them cast:
For now 'twas light, and now 'twas gloom,
The sun was bright or the blast was chill,
Though the wintry frost, and the summer-time bloom,
Were concord, and music, and harmony still.

And deem not these are but Minstrel tales
Nor think them nought but a Painter's trance;
For the world, as well as Thessaly's vales,
Has heard the music and seen the dance:
And yet, as the Seasons are gliding along,
Around Apollo's immortal springs,
They seem but to move to a sweet-flowing song,
That Time as he changes awakes on his strings.

LITERARY.

There is a pause in the labor of the presses which were driven hotly up to the holidays, and authors and publishers are apparently resting for a little before the opening of the spring trade. In this breathing space, we may look back at some publications not strictly new, but which are not likely to grow old or stale.

That man who proposed to mould national character by writing the ballads for the people had certain European nations in his mind, where the populace, reading little, sing to one another such songs as they know, and listen to songs as the chief means of deriving information and excitement. But in this country, where the ballad-singer is displaced by the news-boy, with his regular issues and loads of extras for popular reading, he who would influence the nation must seek his field in the hearts of the youth by writing their school and story books.

Probably no one man has had, in this way, a greater influence on the American character than Peter Parley. Who that has been a boy within the last thirty years has not felt this influence, or has forgotten the picture of the old man with his crutch looking at the youth and threatening them with the dire vengeance of his silence if they harmed his gouty foot?

In his Recollections of a Life-Time (published by Miller, Orton, & Mulligan), Mr. Goodrich commences with his childhood in Connecticut, and closes with his late official position in France as Consul of the United States at Paris; not professing to give what can in any sense be called a biography, but sketches of men and things, incidents, public and private, which he has been conversant with, and of some of which he "was a part." Of course, this affords him vast material for his chapters. Not the least interesting of these are the descriptions of his boyhood in Ridgefield, a country village of Connecticut, and of its pastors and people, its boys and its schools, its virtues and—it had almost none—its vices. Not infrequently, in his after-life, the Connecticut boy met with faces that he had seen in the country village, or with incidents that sent his memory back to its quiet scenes; and the contrasts in his life, and the lives of others, which these meetings afforded, are among the startling passages of the volumes. One of these passages will serve for an example:

> About this time—it must have been in the summer of 1804—I remember Jerome Bonaparte coming up to Keeler's tavern with a coach and four, attended by his young wife, Miss Patterson, of Baltimore. It was a gay establishment, and the honeymoon sat happily on the tall, sallow stripling and his young bride. You must remember that Napoleon was then filling the world with his fame; at this moment his feet were on the threshold of the empire. The arrival of his brother in the United States of course made a sensation. His marriage, his movements, all were gossiped over, from Maine to Georgia, not Castine to California, these being the extreme points of the Union. His entrance into Ridgefield produced a flutter of excitement even there. A crowd gathered around Keeler's tavern to catch a sight of the strangers, and I among the rest. I had a good long look at Jerome, who was the chief object of interest, and the image never faded from my recollection.
>
> Half a century later I was one evening at the Tuileries, amidst the flush and the fair of Louis Napoleon's new court. Among them I saw an old man, taller than the mass around—his nose and chin almost meeting in contact, while his toothless gums were "munching the sky meal of dotage and decrepitude." I was irresistibly chained to this object, as if a spectre had risen up through the floor and stood among the garish throng. My memory traveled back, back among the winding labyrinths of years. Suddenly I found the clew: the stranger was Jerome Bonaparte.
>
> Ah, what a history lay between the past and present—a lapse of nearly fifty years! What a difference between him then and now! Then he was a gay and gallant bridegroom; now, though he had the title of King, he was throneless and sceptreless—an invalid governor of invalids—the puppet and pageant of an adventurer, whose power lay in the mere magic of a name.

The predecessor of Mr. Goodrich's father, as pastor of the first church in Ridgefield, was Jonathan Ingersoll, whose granddaughter was Grace Ingersoll, the American beauty of Bonaparte's court; and one of the strangest incidents in a family history is here brought to light by the author, who relates a touching story of the daughter of Grace, the descendant of the old Puritan divine of Connecticut, now in a convent in the south of France.

It is of course impossible to follow the auther through these volumes, or to hint at one in a score of his recollections. Walter Scott in his clerk's desk in court, Jeffrey at the bar before a Scotch Presbyterian jury, Edward Irving in the pulpit, the Duke of York on the race-course, Byron in his coffin—all these he saw and describes.

Not the least valuable part of the volumes is the Appendix, fixing, as a matter of literary history, the fact that Samuel G. Goodrich is the veritable Peter Parley.

Pen and Pencil Pictures, by *Thomas Hood.* London: Hurst & Blackett.

This Thomas Hood is not that Thomas Hood, nor is there any thing in the volume to justify the son's assumption of that unexplained name on the title-page, or the yet more out-of-taste name, "Tom Hood," on his dedicatory page. Every man has right and title to use his own name, and may especially plead that right when its use is likely to be a wrong on his own father who gave it to him; but there is a difference between putting one's nomenclature on a door-plate, or a traveling-bag, and putting it on the title-page of a book. Let no one, then, suppose this to be a collection of hitherto unpublished sketches by Hood of "Miss Kilmansegg," "The Bridge of Sighs," and "The Song of the Shirt"—every body's Tom Hood of many side-aching, many wet-eye, many loving recollections. He, alas! is "one more unfortunate," of whom, not very long ago, "they went and told the sexton, and the sexton tolled the bell."

But for the name, which leads us to expect better things, the poems and prose sketches which fill this volume might pass muster among average books. They are rather flat than otherwise, possessing no great merit or demerit. The poetry is better than the prose; but when he attempts any dry humor in verse, the recollection of that Tom Hood comes over us, so that the wit of this one seems very dry and very dull. Nevertheless, that our readers may judge of his best style, we extract a specimen that is not destitute of beauty and delicacy, which may promise better things:

THE BROOK WITHOUT A NAME.

I met her by a little burn
That trickled musically,
With many a fall, and many a turn,
Adown a bosky valley.

She said she came to fetch the kine,
But—(nay, I will not doubt her,
And so I'll own the fault was mine)
The kine went home without her.

I said I tramped o'er gorse and furze
For grouse, that love the heather,
But (here, I own, the fault was hers)
I did not bag a feather.

So, through our chat (if you prefer,
I'll even say, our courting),
The lowing kine went without her,
I went without my sporting.

The sun was drinking from the plain
The dew, when first we mated,
But it had all come back again
Before we separated.

How oft we kissed I can not count;
Of raptures, so ecstatic,
The man who gives the true amount
Is basely mathematic!

* * * * * *

Yet though my brook no title claims,
No hackneyed place in story,
Nor classes with the lesser names
Of Tiber, Thames, Missouri,

I will not let the world forget—
This noble title giving;
"The Bonnie Burnie, where I met
The Sweetest Lassie living."

The Man of Business, Considered in his Various Relations, *by James W. Alexander, D.D., John Todd, D.D., William B. Sprague, D.D., Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., Isaac Ferris, D.D., Jonathan F. Stearns, D.D.* New York: A. D. F. Randolph. 1 vol. 12mo.

A volume that should be in the hands of every business man, especially every young man in the country. Abounding in excellent matter; advice which is given in a style that must reach the heart; eloquent appeals and strong admonitions.

The publisher of this work has hit upon quite a new idea in bookmaking, the peculiarity of which is indicated in the title-page given above. The volume consists of original articles on various branches of the same subject by clergymen of different denominations, much in the style of "The Smitten Household"—a work for the afflicted, by the same publisher, which contains essays on the death of a child, a parent, a husband, a wife, and a friend, by various eminent clergymen.

From the first chapter of "The Man of Business," which is entitled "The Merchant's Clerk cheered and counseled," we make an extract, in which all who are familiar with it will recognize the clear, forcible, polished, and irreproachable English of Dr. Alexander:

> Parents, employers, and senior associates will inculcate upon you the daily duties of your calling; indeed, you already know them; which may show you that the grand desideratum is not by-laws, but inward principle. Nevertheless, take kindly a few disinterested counsels from one who is no longer young, but who has long cherished a warm sympathy with those who are beginning life. Under the general determination to do your duty, beware of early disgusts, whether toward persons or work.

All new trials are burdensome; all beginnings are vexatious. He that ascends a ladder must take the lowest round. All who are above were once below. "An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind." To consider any thing menial which belongs to the career of training is to be a fool. The greatest philosophers and the greatest commanders have passed through toils as humble and as galling. These hard rules are an indispensable part of education, and it is best to have the worst first. Cheer up on cold winter mornings, when you blow your fingers as you walk briskly down Broadway, or at late hours of packing, invoicing, or replacing goods. Cheer up at the thought that it will make a man of you. Perhaps you remember Latin enough to quote the words in Virgil: "All this it will be sweet to remember hereafter." Recall enough of history to think of what Roman, and especially Spartan boys were accustomed to bear. Think of the whaling voyage. Think of the morning drill at West Point. Think of the ignominy of giving up prospects in life out of a little girlish disgust.

Whatever comes of it, put your shoulder to the wheel for a few months; by that time some of the rough places will have become plain. Wear the yoke gracefully. Every moment of this weariness and trouble will turn out to your lasting profit, especially in regard to character. There are certain things which you will be ashamed to class among hardships. Such are early rising, which you should practice for pleasure and longevity as well as religion; exercise in the open air or on your feet; hard work tending toward knowledge of business; punctuality, without which you can never attain wealth or honor; and tedious employment in affairs which secure you confidential regard. In all these temptations to discontent, let me venture an observation on life, which I confess it cost me many years to comprehend. Uneasiness in the youthful mind arises from a fallacy that we may express thus: "Work now, but rest and pleasure hereafter." Not merely the clerk, but the millionaire thus deludes himself. "I will bear these annoyances in view of the refreshing and luxurious respite of my hereafter." In opposition to all this let me declare to you that these hours, or days, or years of repose, when the mighty oppressive hand of the giant Business is let up, will be none the less sweet for your having taken a genuine satisfaction in your work as you went along. You will not make the journey better if, like famous pilgrims to Loretto, you put peas in your shoes. *Form the habit of seeking pleasure in work, happiness in the duty of the hour.*

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1857. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Company.

It is only necessary to announce this annual publication, which has become a necessity in all houses and places of business.

EL GRINGO; OR, NEW MEXICO AND HER PEOPLE, *by W. W. H. Davis, late United States Attorney.* Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Davis's book opens with a model telegraphic dispatch. Captain Reynolds, U.S.A., being detained by slow stage-coaches, after crossing the Jordan near Jefferson City, on his way to Independence, Mo., where he expected to take the mail-wagon over the prairie to Santa Fé, telegraphed the proprietor of the latter conveyance in the following words:

"Fink's stages are so rickety;
His horses are so slow;
His drivers are such drunken sots,
They scarce can make them go.
Then hold your horses, Billy,
Just hold them for a day;
I've crossed the River Jordan,
And am bound for Santa Fé."

Billy waited, and the Captain secured his place. The sketches of the journey across the plains, buffalo-hunting, and other incidents of prairie life, are fresh and spirited. These are followed by a valuable historical sketch of New Mexico; and the body of the volume contains the author's personal adventures, intercourse with the people, and experience as a lawyer in the country. These possess remarkable interest, as showing who and what we have for fellow-citizens of the United States, as well as for the lively incident with which the pages are filled. Lawyers will not be more interested than all readers in the chapters on "riding the circuit," the strange administration of justice in this new country, and especially the trial of the four Indians, which is fresh in the recollections of many, who had executed a man under their own law for witchcraft, and were indicted and tried therefor, but escaped through a hole in the indictment, or by a failure to prove a correct venue. No one will read the book without obtaining a vast amount of information about an interesting part of our own territory, given in a happy style, and with a constantly-amusing series of adventures.

KATHIE BRANDE, A FIRESIDE HISTORY OF A QUIET LIFE, *by Holme Lee.* Harper & Brothers.

The best work of a writer whose name is involved in this somewhat curious *nom de plume*, and just what its title-page declares it. It is rare, in this day of novel-writing, to find so perfect a union of appreciation of character and ability with pen and pencil. There are passages in the book that have all the force of Kingsley, and others whose pathos is unsurpassed; while its delineations of the power and beauty of self-denial, its pains and comforts, its sufferings and rewards, will make the authoress a rival of Miss Mulock, whose plots have so much rested on this trait of human character.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

Dix, Edwards, & Co.

A Journey through Texas; or, a Saddle-Trip on the Southwestern Frontier, with a Statistical Appendix. By F. L. Olmstead. 12mo, $1 25.

Carlton & Porter.

Falls and Lakings: Sketches and Incidents from the Itinerant and Editorial Budget of Rev. J. V. Watson, D.D. 1 vol. 12mo.

Seven Years Street-Preaching in San Francisco. By Rev. William Taylor. Edited by W. P. Strickland. 1 vol. 12mo.

G. P. Putnam & Co.

An Inquiry into the Laws which Regulate the Circulation and Distribution of Wealth. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 00.

Miller, Orton, & Mulligan.

Our World; or, the Slaveholder's Daughter. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

BOSTON.

James French & Co.

Turkey and the Turks. By Dr. J. V. C. Smith. 1 vol. 12 mo, $1 25.

L. P. Crown & Co.

Life and Times of Alexander Hamilton. By Samuel M. Smucker, Author of "The Court and Reign of Catharine II.," etc. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 00.

WASHINGTON.

Robert Farnham.

Minnesota and Dacotah, in Letters, etc. With Information in Relation to Public Lands, etc. By C. C. Andrews. 1 vol. 12mo.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, 13th, in the Senate, the Submarine Telegraph bill was reported back from the Post-Office Committee, without amendment, and made the special order for the following day. In the House a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Commerce to make inquiry relative to shipwrecks and loss of life on the Long Island and Jersey coasts. The message was again considered, and speeches were made by Messrs. Bingham, against, and Bowie, in support of, the position taken by the President. The document was referred to the committee of the Whole. The Tariff bill was discussed by Mr. Campbell, of Ohio.—On Wednesday, in the Senate, a bill was reported making appropriation for improving the Mississippi, Ohio, and Arkansas Rivers. In the House, a large number of bills were introduced, among them one by Mr. Letcher, for the establishment of a branch Mint in this city, to be under the control of the Director of the Philadelphia Mint. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Akers, of Missouri, made a speech in vindication of the principles of the American party, and Mr. Durfee, of Rhode Island, advocated protection for American manufactures.—On Thursday, in the Senate, Mr. Seward reported from the Committee on Commerce a bill for the protection of steam-boats from damage or destruction by fire. It provides the method of constructing the engine and fire-rooms, and is to go into effect one year after its passage. In the House a memorial was presented from ship-owners, merchants, and pilots of this city, recommending the passage of Rogers' Marine Signal bill. The Senate bill relative to foreign coins, fixing their value at the Federal offices, was passed with amendments. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Tariff bill, and political speeches were made by Messrs. Keitt, of South Carolina, and Bliss, of Ohio. Mr. Keitt, so far from regarding the slavery agitation as being quieted by the election of Mr. Buchanan, thought that the tendency of affairs was still more toward the formation of geographical parties, and a dissolution of the Union; but he believed the South abundantly able to take care of herself.—On Friday, in the Senate, the bill providing for the settlement of the claims of Revolutionary officers was finally postponed until the first Monday in next December, by a vote of 24 to 23. The Senate then adjourned to Monday. The House was occupied with a question raised by the Investigating Committee.—On Saturday, on motion of Mr. Greenwood, a resolution was adopted calling upon the President for a complete list of persons charged with the disbursement of public moneys; also a list of those who have failed for more than twelve months to settle their accounts. The House then considered a private bill, in connection with which Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, was discussing a point in relation to the Court of Claims. He had been a friend to the Court, but still he considered the Judges fallible. "I am myself fallible," he said, and fell backward in his chair, being seized with atrophy of the heart. The members and spectators at once were thrown into the highest state of alarm, the Speaker and numerous representatives crying out to those who pressed around him to stand back and give him air. Amidst the excitement, an adjournment ensued.—On Monday, in the Senate, the Diplomatic and Consular bill was passed; the Senate was officially notified of the election of Messrs. Bates and Bayard as senators from Delaware. In the House resolutions were adopted inquiring for information about the transportation of mails to San Francisco, and asking for information relative to Utah. A bill was reported for the relief of sick and disabled seamen. Mr. Fuller of Pa. explained that the new collection districts' bill was a codification of existing laws.

THE COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION.

The Committee has sat all the week hearing witnesses. None of the evidence has come to light. Mr. Raymond, editor of the *Daily Times*, was summoned and gave evidence. He declined to state the name of the writer of the article in the *Times* of the 6th inst., but avowed his responsibility for it. He maintained the duty of the Press to act on moral convictions. The Committee urged that the investigation must fall through if Mr. Raymond refused to produce this testimony. Mr. Raymond replied that he did not so understand it; on the contrary, the House took special pains to repudiate all idea that the investigation was ordered in consequence of any thing published in the *Times*. In the House on Friday, the Chairman, Mr. Kelsey, rose to a question of privilege, and offered a preamble and resolution—the former setting forth that Joseph L. Chester had been summoned before the Committee and had neglected to appear, and the latter directing the Speaker to issue his warrant to the Sergeant-at-Arms, commanding him to bring Chester to the bar of the House to answer for contempt. Considerable objection was made, and doubts were expressed as to the authority of the House to take any such step; but the records of the House were cited to prove that a proper precedent existed, and, after an unsuccessful motion to lay the resolution on the table, it was passed almost unanimously.

PERSONAL DIFFICULTY.

A personal rencontre took place last week between Messrs. Campbell and Rust. Mr. Campbell, desiring to get up the Tariff bill, sought and obtained the floor, to move the previous question upon the debate on the President's Message. Mr. Rust apparently desired to speak, and tried to prevent the order for the previous question, remarking that he would put an end to this bargaining for the floor between members and the Speaker, or something to that effect. Mr. Campbell replied, "If you mean to insinuate that I make any such bargains, you are a liar!" A duel was apprehended for some time; but, on Thursday, Mr. Campbell got up in his place, and said that he had learned that the Hon. Albert Rust regarded a remark which he had made on Tuesday as an insult to that honorable gentleman, but that he had not intended to insult or cast any imputation upon him, and he now disavowed any such design. Mr. Rust then rose, and said that he had understood the Hon. Lewis D. Campbell differently at the time, but was now gratified by his disavowal.

THE DIGNITY OF A DUTCH MINISTER.

The correspondence between the Dutch and United States Governments on the subject of Mr. Dubois's refusal to give evidence on the case of the homicide of the waiter Keating has been published. The Dutch Government, through Mr. Van Hall, gave its ultimatum as follows:

"Availing himself of a prerogative generally conceded to the members of the diplomatic body, and recognized also by the laws of the Republic, as adverted to by Mr. Marcy in his above-mentioned dispatch, Mr. Dubois refused to appear before a court of justice; but, being desirous to at once reconcile that prerogative with the requirements of justice, he suggested a middle course of action, and proposed to Mr. Marcy to give his declaration under oath, should he be authorized to that effect by the government of the Netherlands.

"After taking the King's orders on the subject, I did not hesitate to give such authority to Mr. Dubois, approving, at the same time, and formally, the line of conduct which he pursued on that occasion, convinced as I was that, in reality, the difficulties of a criminal suit to be carried on in America as a common witness, could not comport with the dignity of the character of a minister of the King residing at the seat of government of the Republic, nor yet could it do so with the duties of his office."

This, of course, was tantamount to refusing to testify; and so it was viewed by our government.

UNITED STATES SENATORS.

General Simon Cameron has been elected United States Senator from Pennsylvania, over Colonel John W. Forney. General Cameron is a Republican, Colonel Forney a Democrat. The vote was, Cameron, 67; Forney, 58; Foster, 7; Wilkins, 1. The result has caused considerable commotion, and protests against the election have been filed.

Hon. Charles Sumner has been unanimously re-elected United States Senator for Massachusetts for six years.

Hon. Zachariah Chandler has been elected United States Senator from Michigan in the room of Hon. Lewis Cass. Mr. Chandler has been a Whig; his politics are now Republican.

Hon. James S. Green has been chosen United States Senator from Missouri. He is an anti-Benton Democrat. The vote was, Green, 89; Benton, 34; Kennett, 32.

Governor Trusten Polk, present Governor of Missouri, has been elected to fill Senator Guyer's seat. The vote was, Polk, 101; Benton, 23; Gamble, 34; Scattering, 3.

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin has been elected United States Senator from Maine for the long term, and Amos Nourse for the short.

Hon. James A. Bayard has been elected United States Senator from Delaware for the long, and Martin W. Bates for the short term.

Nine other Senators are shortly to be chosen. From the complexion of the various legislatures, it is supposed that the United States Senate, on 4th March next, will be composed of 37 Democrats, 20 Republicans, and 5 Know Nothings.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

This body has transacted a great deal of business during the week. Among the measures of interest we notice a petition from the Chamber of Commerce praying for the repeal of the usury laws; a bill appropriating money for a residence for the Governor; a bill introduced prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, and a resolution in the same view, tabled; another new charter bill introduced; a resolution awarding the thanks of the Senate and a gold medal to Lieutenant Hartstein; a resolution fixing 3d February as the time to elect a United States Senator, etc.

STATE LEGISLATURES.

The Legislature of New Jersey met on 13th. The Governor, in his message, desires a new boundary line between Jersey and New York.

The Legislature of Wisconsin met on 14th. The Governor's message alludes freely to the disturbances in Kansas.

The new Governor of Illinois recommends an amendment of the banking law; also, in connection with the new apportionment of representation in the Legislature, an increase of representatives; considers the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill equivalent to the recognition of Slavery as a leading element in the society of the Republic; states that he has resisted this consummation, and, ever mindful of the value of the Union, the obligations to the Constitution, and the courtesies due to his brethren of the South, he shall continue to resist it to the best of his ability.

The new Governor of Indiana represents the Prohibitory Law as having been condemned by a large majority of the voters, after full consideration, as productive of more evil than good, and, on that ground, he invites its original advocates to join in its repeal. In allusion to the Know Nothings, he says, that secret political organizations are already fast wasting away under the influence of sober second thought; but for one of the evils introduced by them the Governor thinks a legislative remedy is needed. The evil referred to is organized violence, exhibited at the polls on election day, which the Governor represents as having spread from the cities into the country, and as requiring the strong hand of the law to suppress it.

The Assembly of Missouri is said to have passed a resolution adjourning the Legislature from Jefferson City to St. Louis.

The free State Legislature of Kansas has adjourned to the second Tuesday in June.

CALIFORNIA.

Great excitement has been caused by a decision of the Supreme Court upon the unconstitutionality of a bill making an appropriation of $100,000 for the construction of a wagon road across the Sierra Nevada, which bill was passed on the 8th of April, 1855. The ground upon which the Supreme Court's decision is rendered is, that the Constitution expressly prohibits the State from contracting any indebtedness exceeding the amount of $300,000, unless the bill making any further appropriations should be submitted to the people, and be ratified by them. The decision affects equally the question of the constitutionality of all the bills by which indebtedness has been created since the prescribed limit was reached—and the effect of the decision has been, to a great extent, to stop the sale of the bonds of San Francisco. The general sentiment of the people is against repudiation, and the press is unanimous upon this point. A bill, it is expected, will be passed as soon as the Legislature meets, in which the whole of the present State indebtedness will be submitted to the people, and indorsed by them.

FRIGHTFUL MURDER ON LONG ISLAND.

A frightful murder was committed at Jamaica, Long Island, on a public thoroughfare, early in the evening, one day last week.

The persons who first saw Mr. Carman, upon whom the murder was committed, were startled by the sight of horses running away with an empty hay-wagon returning from market, going east, and dashing through the toll-gate at a frightful rate. These persons then turned their attention westwardly, from whence the wagon came, and going a short distance from the toll-gate, found Mr. Carman in the sleigh-track, beside the road, his head bruised and bleeding, with life nearly extinct, and they readily and very naturally came to the conclusion that Mr. Carman had been thrown in that position from his wagon by his horses running away with it. He was immediately taken to a house. No coroner being nearer than Flushing, Justice Hendrickson from Springfield was sent for, who, as it was supposed, in absence of a coroner had a right to act, and who came there about ten o'clock on that night. Nothing was found by these persons on that night to cause them to believe that Carman had been murdered. Hence the reason that no alarm of murder was given until the next morning about seven o'clock, when the instrument of death—the club—was discovered near the place where Carman was found, nearly all covered in the snow with spots of blood upon it. Then the alarm was given, and since then the sheriff, constables, justices, and all the police force, besides many other citizens of the village, have been active and indefatigable in the search of the murderer, but as yet without success.

There are all sorts of stories, rumors of arrests and suppositions, but one arrest has been made. A man who was wandering about Jamaica, was on Tuesday arrested at Cypress Hills. He is now in the cells. Nothing has been elicited from him; whether there will be or not, it is difficult to say.

Sheriff Hendrickson has offered $500 reward for the detection and conviction of the murderers.

A resolution has been passed requesting the Board of Trustees to organize a night-watch.

A committee has been appointed to enroll the citizens into a patrol to aid the night-watch in the discharge of their duties.

A HUSBAND WHO WOULDN'T GIVE HIS WIFE UP.

In November last, while Mr. Blanchett, of Grant County, Ky., was in the mountains hunting, a young man named Peter Jones ran off with Miss Emma Blanchett, his daughter, who was under age, and married her. To accomplish his purpose, Jones committed a most nefarious, but singular fraud. By his procurement, his uncle and aunt went to the Clerk of the Owen County Court and represented themselves, the one to be Peter Jones and the other Miss Blanchett, and asked for license to marry; and they being both evidently over age, the clerk issued the license without asking any questions.

They then left, and handed over the license to Jones, who, in company with Miss Blanchett, went to a Rev. Mr. Sparrow, who married them. The health and spirits of Mrs. Blanchett (the mother of Miss Emma), as soon as she heard of what had occurred, became deeply affected. To give her beautiful and lovely daughter up to such a wretch as Jones seemed to her worse than consigning her to the grave. Mr. Blanchett went over to Jones's house, and accosted both him and his daughter in a friendly manner, and told the latter that her mother was very unwell and deeply distressed, and that, if she would come home and see her, he thought it would restore her. As for himself, he said he had no objections to the marriage, but it was preying upon his wife's mind, and making her very unhappy. If Mrs. Jones would only go with him and stay a few days, he would satisfy her mother with her conduct, and she could then return to Jones again.

Well pleased with these representations, Mrs. Jones went with her father, but remained several days longer than had been agreed on, and her husband therefore went over to Blanchett's house to see what was the matter; but Mr. Blanchett and family had gone visiting a near neighbor that day. Jones found where they were, but his wife, it seems, did not meet him with as cheerful smiles beaming on her countenance as were seen when they parted a few days before. He requested her to go home with him, but she refused, and informed him that she would have no more to do with him.

But he was determined not "to give it up so." He then went away, and came back the same night with a gang of ruffians, mostly his relatives, and attacked Blanchett's house, he and his wife having returned home. They broke down the door and rushed in, and then a fight commenced. In the mêlée one of the Jones' party was shot in the back, and Mr. Blanchett was struck over the head with the butt of a horse-whip, which knocked him senseless and bleeding to the floor. The Jones' party, supposing they had killed Blanchett, retreated in haste, carrying away with them Peter Jones's wife, the object of their visit. The persons injured are recovering.

It is said that there were as many as twenty or thirty persons in the crowd who attacked Blanchett's house. As many of them as could be identified were arrested the next day, and held to answer at the next Term of the Grand County Court to the charge of an attempt at assassination.

The Blanchetts are in humble circumstances, but are people of the highest respectability, and their daughter is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies in Kentucky.

A BRICK FROM SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

H. Clay Trumbull, Esq., has presented to St. John's Lodge of Free Masons, at Hartford, a "key stone" made from a fragment of rock taken from the ruins of King Solomon's Temple, at Jerusalem. The *Times* says: "The stone is suspended by a link of gold representing an arch, attached to a wedge of the same material, made in imitation of those used by operative masons in raising ponderous pieces of stone."

A POOR MAN KILN-DRIED.

A man named Peter Crow, of Douglas township, Berks County, Pa., met with a horrible death on Tuesday night of last week. He was engaged in burning lime for Mr. Jacob Bower, of that township, and it is supposed that being very cold he went to the top of the kiln to warm himself, and becoming stifled by the gas arising therefrom, fell forward upon the limestone. He was found on Wednesday morning, the clothes burned from his body, which was much charred.

SPANISH MONARCHY IN MEXICO.

A ministerial paper of Madrid says that General Santa Anna of Mexico, has sent agents to Madrid to propose to re-establish monarchy in Mexico, with a Spanish prince as sovereign, provided the Spanish Government will grant him certain assistance. The *Epoca* opposes any such project, unless it be freely demanded by public opinion in Mexico, and have the support of England and France.

NO MORE SPENDTHRIFTS CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING.

By the bill now before Congress, the Spanish coins which now pass for shillings and sixpences, will be withdrawn from circulation, and the only small silver coins in use will be the 3, 5, and 10 cents. When this takes place a quarter will at length contain 25 cents, and infuriated fathers will cease to talk of cutting off their sons with a shilling.

A YANKEE RESTORES TO THE RUSSIANS THEIR FLEET.

It will be doubtless well remembered that when the late war broke out, and the Allies menaced Sebastopol, the Russians sunk their fleet in the harbor, both to prevent its being taken, and to close the mouth of the channel. The vessels sunk were sixteen war-steamers, four 120-gun ships, fifteen 84-gun ships, nine frigates, and numerous brigs, schooners, transports, and merchantmen.

An American engineer has now contracted to raise the wrecks. The enterprising contractor is J. E. Gowen, of Boston, the same who raised the wreck of the steam-ship *Missouri*, in the harbor of Gibraltar, under contract with our government. This wreck had lain eight years in that harbor, and the British government made continued attempts for three years to remove it, until the English engineers gave up in despair, and reported that human ingenuity could not free the harbor from that danger. The British Cabinet then requested that the government of the United States would take the matter in hand, and it sent out a live Yankee, who effected the desired purpose in sixty days, under contract for fifty-nine thousand dollars. This achievement was looked upon with great surprise in England.

When Mr. Gowen reached Moscow last summer, to lay his proposals before the Russian government, he found the ground already covered with French and English engineers, some of whom had been there for months. He called upon Duke Constantine, laid before him the report of the English engineers, stating the removal of the *Missouri* from the harbor of Gibraltar to be impossible, and Marcy's certificate that he had done it in sixty days, at a very low price. "You are just the man for me," said Constantine, and in twenty-four hours the contract was signed, and our Yankee was on his way to Sebastopol to survey his ground. The Russian government placed a small steamer at his disposal, and showed him how the operation of sinking the ships had been done, and the Boston man said he guessed he could return pretty nearly half of them in good order, and clear away the remainder.

He is now making his arrangements in this city and in Philadelphia. All the machinery will be prepared and shipped from here for Sebastopol early in the spring, and will be accompanied with a large corps of American engineers, ship-carpenters, and so forth.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

MEETING OF THE CONGRESS OF PARIS.

THE Plenipotentiaries of the Powers which signed the treaty of peace met at Paris on Wednesday, the 31st of December, at noon, at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs.

At the first meeting the commissions of the Plenipotentiaries were verified, and a programme was read stating that, whereas a difficulty had arisen in executing Article XX. of the treaty of Paris, the contracting parties had met to consider under what circumstances the difficulties in question could be arranged. Compliments were then exchanged on the conciliatory spirit exhibited all around. A new line would, therefore, be traced out as a Bessarabian frontier, Russia renouncing her pretensions to New Bolgrad, and the Isle of Serpents and the Delta of the Danube being given up to Turkey. In compensation for these amicable approaches, a district of land would be accorded to Russia toward the north of Moldavia. It was reported outside, that none of the Plenipotentiaries offered any remarks against the propositions, and that some minor points were mooted of a nature unknown to the public. The Conference, on Wednesday, sat five hours, each member having before him a large map, prepared by a commission of engineers, of the localities in dispute.

NAPOLEON OBJECTS TO BE ABUSED.

It appears that the Emperor is very touchy on the subject of newspaper attacks. Two or three months after the coup d'état, one of the most famous of Parisian bankers had an audience of the (then) President, and to receive him the prince laid down a copy of the previous day's *Times*, just arrived, and which he had been occupied in reading. The business upon which the financial man had come was discussed, and when the practical part of the conversation was over, Prince Louis turned round, took up anew the newspaper, and holding it out to his visitor, "Read that, M. L——," he said, directing his attention to the leading article, which was one of the very violent ones which did appear in that journal against Louis Napoleon at the time in question. When the personage addressed had cast his eye over the article, he tried, as people in such positions usually do, to make light of matters, and said, with a sort of deprecatory smile, "Oh, but you know, Monseigneur, the *Times* will say no matter what, and—" but his princely host stopped him, saying, "No! M. L——, you know England as well as I do—the *Times* only says what a majority of Englishmen think; it never goes against what is the popular feeling of the hour, or it would not be read by every body as it is. I should not mind what any mere journal might say of me; but I lose my patience at thinking that if the *Times* says all that is there set down, it is that it finds a public ready to swallow all it has to say."

This story was lately told by a court official in a Paris *salon*. A personage of high rank, who was standing by, added:

"The anecdote is perfectly true, for it was told to me two days after it happened, by M. L—— himself." To this the court official made, in turn, this rejoinder: "I tell the story to show how the Emperor once felt toward the violent expression of public opinion in English journals, and because I think, if care is not taken, that the time is coming when he will think again, as he did upon the occasion described, and when all his patience will be exhausted."

A QUEER EXHIBITION.

A Paris speculator, who has already acquired claims to the title of millionaire, has hit upon a new kind of speculation, which he thinks will give him a better interest for his money than if he invested it in the Credit Mobilier. He has collected together 1,000,000 francs (£40,000) in Napoleons and five franc pieces, and is about to exhibit it in a shop on the Boulevards—admittance to view this treasure to be obtained for the small sum of one penny a head. A few years ago an ingot of gold, value £16,000, the principal prize in a lottery, which became celebrated under the title of *Lotterie de l'ingot d'or*, was exhibited, and the curiosity to see so large a sum all in a lump was such that policemen had to attend to preserve order among the crowd.

PARIS PROPRIETY.

The French Council of State has settled a question which excited some interest. The Countess Ducayla, well known for her relations with Louis XVIII., bequeathed to the Count de Chambord her domain at St. Ouen, on the condition of his erecting there a monument to her memory. The Count refused the bequest, which consequently fell into the hands of the city of Paris on the same conditions. The municipal council, on the ground of morality, refused to accept these conditions, and the Council of State has now approved of that decision. The domain will, therefore, return to the natural heirs of the Countess, among whom is Princess de Craon.

COURT FESTIVITIES.

There has been but one ball at the Tuileries as yet, that given to the Prince of Prussia previous to his departure, when about 600 were present; there were no Americans or English invited. Their turn is to come after the *Jour de l'An*. Notice has been given that on the 2d of January the Emperor and Empress will receive the ladies of the diplomatic corps, and all other ladies who may have been previously presented. The same ceremony took place last year, when all the ladies that could be got together only amounted to about 150, none of the lords of the creation being admitted. The affair was so complete a failure that it was thought the attempt would not be again renewed. The reason then assigned was the interesting state of the Empress, and perhaps there may be a similar one at present.

It is said that there are 2000 Americans in Paris, who are prepared to go to Court if invited.

THE ADVANTAGE OF HOOPED PETTICOATS.

The other day a respectable tradesman's wife, magnificently dressed, and a person of great natural beauty was seen sweeping through the Barrier de Clichy in all the pride of crinoline. By-and-by she returned, the crinoline looking larger and stiffer than ever. Suspicion was awakened. The lady was handed over to a matron of the police, when lo, suspended by the neck to the girdle of her waist, was discovered an enormous black feathered cock turkey, weighing some 15 lbs. The Parisians are witty about the piquancy of a *dindon* prepared under such circumstances, and it is supposed that all monstrous crinolines will, in future, be styled no longer à l'Impératrice, à la Reine Victoria, but *au dindon!* The hapless young lady, for such she really was, was mulcted 100 fr. for her zeal toward her domestic economy, and her husband, who is a haberdasher, can only console himself by the reflection that if crinolines *au dindon* should be the mode, his patent right can not be disputed.

The reader is aware that poultry, like most commodities, pays an *octroi* duty on the entrance to French cities.

COURT ETIQUETTE.

In his endeavor to please the Prussian court, the Emperor, at a late court-ball, caused it to be notified to the English Embassador that it would be agreeable to him if Lord Cowley would waive his right of precedence in favor of Prince Frederick William of Prussia. His lordship replied that, however desirous to please the Emperor, and show every respect to Prince Frederick William, it was not in his power to accede, as he was bound not only to his sovereign, whom he represented, but to the position he held, not to waive a rule of fixed etiquette, and thereby establish a new precedent, which might serve as such whenever a foreign prince, not sovereign, or even direct heir to sovereignty, might arrive at Paris. This being done, Lord Cowley retired before supper, and left M. de Kisseleff and Baron Hubner free to waive their privilege as they might think fit. The diplomatic corps all agree that Lord Cowley acted in strict conformity with the laws regulating such matters.

ENGLAND.

THE RESOLUTE.

Captain Hartstein and Mr. Dallas have declined the offer of the British Government to send home the American crew of the *Resolute* in a British ship of war. Captain Hartstein left on 31st in the *Washington*, and arrived here on 20th. The day before he left, the American flag was hauled down on board the *Resolute*, when it was saluted by the *Victory* with twenty-one guns. The union jack was then hoisted, and the ship was given up to the authorities. There was no other ceremony on the occasion.

PICTURE OF THE RECEPTION ON BOARD THE RESOLUTE.

The Queen has commissioned Mr. William Simpson, the artist of the Crimean war, to paint for her private gallery a picture of the "Reception" on board the *Resolute*—a very graceful memorial of a most noble act of international courtesy. The picture, which will include portraits of the various members of the royal family, and of Captain Hartstein and the American officers and the American Consul, will be engraved, and will unquestionably prove popular on both sides of the Atlantic.

GROANS OF THE LAST BRITISH TORY.

The editor of the *Britannia* Newspaper thus speaks of the London penny press: "We have had no '*classes dangerouses*,' and no licentious journalism circulating among the lower orders. What with the ticket-of-leave system, and penny hole-and-corner journalism—thanks to the devices of the Whig-radical statesmanship—we now have both, and it will not be the fault of either, or the fault of their progenitors, the Whig radicals, if our social condition does not develop itself in the full blown atrocity of the Red Republic."

BURIAL OF A TURK.

The readers of Dr. Sandwith's book on the Siege of Kars will remember that when a Christian dies in Turkey his family obtain a certificate from the magistrate to the effect that "A—— B———, damned this day, may be thrust under ground." Turks are better treated in England. A seaman of the Turkish line-of-battle ship *Peiki Zaffer* lately died at Plymouth. The body was brought on shore on a bier of rough-hewn board, covered with a flag, followed by a large cortége of the officers, seamen, and marines belonging to the vessel. The grave was carefully dug, and tested by a compass in order to ascertain its bearings in relation to the holy city—Mecca. The officiating priest then went into the grave into which the body was lowered coffinless. The bier was afterward broken up and piled in the grave, and the mould well trodden on the remains, the priests taking up positions at a considerable distance east and west. On the procession leaving the grave, the former commenced chanting certain passages in a loud voice, and finished the ceremony by pouring water around the edge of the grave on both sides.

A MONUMENT TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Queen Victoria has had Baron Marochetti to execute a statue of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles the First, for St. Thomas' Church, Newport, Isle of Wight, where the Princess lies buried. The monument represents the figure of a youthful female reclining in a recess resembling the cell of a prison. The pillow on which the head of the figure rests is an open Bible, in which can be seen the following words:—"Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The following inscription is on the monument:—To the Memory of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King Charles I., who died at Carisbrook Castle, on Sunday, Sept, 8, 1650, and is interred beneath the chancel of this church. This monument is erected as a token of respect for her virtues, and of sympathy for her sufferings, by Victoria, R. 1856.

DEATH OF HUGH MILLER.

A *post mortem* examination of the body of Hugh Miller had been made, at his house at Portobello, by Professor Miller and other medical gentlemen. The following is the conclusion to which they have come:

"The cause of death we found to be a pistol shot through the left side of the chest, and this, we are satisfied, was inflicted by his own hand. From the diseased appearances found in the brain, taken in connection with the history of the case, we have no doubt that the act was suicidal, under the impulse of insanity."

The following few lines to his wife, found written on a folio sheet lying on the table beside his corpse, gives painful evidence of the awful intensity of the disease:

"DEAREST LYDIA—My brain burns. I must have walked; and a fearful dream arises upon me. I can not bear the horrible thought. God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon me. Dearest Lydia, dear children, farewell! My brain burns as the recollection grows. My dear, dear wife, farewell,

"HUGH MILLER."

SWITZERLAND.

THE NEUFCHATEL QUESTION.

Nothing new has taken place in reference to this affair. It is understood that Mr. Fay, the United States Minister, made an effort to bring about a settlement; but that his interference was resented by Austria, on the ground that the Monroe doctrine prohibits interference in American affairs to Europeans. Mr. Fay is said nevertheless to have left for Berlin with proposals of accommodation. On the 29th ult. an Envoy Extraordinary from the Emperor Napoleon arrived. He submitted propositions to Switzerland to release the prisoners, to guarantee their persons and property, but expel them from the Swiss territory.

The President's Message to the Swiss Federation states:

On December 20th all the foreign ministers at Berne made a proposal that, if the Swiss Federal authorities would give up the trial of the Neufchatel prisoners to their respective governments, they would endeavor to induce the King of Prussia to recognize the absolute independence of Neufchatel. Considering this proposal as likely to produce the desired effect, and regarding it as favorable that the legation of the United States had declared its readiness to join these collective assurances, the Federal Council declared itself ready to recommend to the Federal Assembly that the trial of the Neufchatel prisoners should be stopped, and that the prisoners must leave the country until a final arrangement respecting Neufchatel had been settled upon. This reasonable proposal fell to the ground because some of the powers refused to sign a collective note on the subject, and Switzerland could not concede further without compromising the free constitution and sovereign rights of the Confederation. The Federal Assembly therefore, before adjournment, passed the following decree: First, The Federal Council will still continue to endeavor to procure a pacific recognition of the independence of Neufchatel. Second, The military levies ordered are approved; an unlimited credit is allowed, and the Federal Council is authorized to take any ulterior measures necessary to defend the country to the last extremity. Third, A loan of thirty million francs is authorized. Fourth, This information will be communicated to the citizens when adopted, and the commander-in-chief will be appointed. The assembly is not dissolved, but prorogued.

The 2d of January was the day specified for the march of the Prussians against Switzerland, but the time had been postponed until the 5th, and some reports stated that it would not take place until the 15th or later. The Swiss would put the Neufchatel prisoners on trial on or about the 15th inst. Sums to a heavy amount have been offered by the Swiss bankers in Paris and elsewhere to enable the Swiss Government to carry on the war, if necessary. Three of the Swiss regiments in the pay of the King of Naples will probably be recalled.

ITALY.

A SNOW-STORM IN VENICE.

While so many of us are suffering from the effects of a snow-storm in New York, it is curious to read the following account of the same phenomenon at Venice:

"Next morning, December 1, the rain had ceased, and, from midnight on, it had been snowing so that not only the roofs of the buildings on the islands all about, but also the Riva, was completely white, presenting a splendid spectacle. The light-house looked out utterly amazed from under its white night-cap; all the roofs on San Giorgio Maggiore, with their covering of snow, were set out sharp and clear against the gray sky, in strange contrast with the red color of the buildings themselves, which, with their dark windows, stand out clearer than in full sunlight. Even the tower had on its weather side a wreath of snow, which looked like a glare of dazzling light; but strangest of all were the domes of the convent Zittella, and those of Santa Maria del Salute, enveloped in snow, and looking twice as large as usual; the golden globe, too, and twirling figure of Fortune on the Dogana di Mare, had each its white cap, and thus winter had marked its sudden arrival all along the grand canal as far as the eye could reach. On the Riva stood the *marinari*, shaking their heads at this extraordinary occurrence; the shelters of their boats were covered with white, as also the dark streamers outside, and the fallen snow had the strangest effect on the black *houses* of the gondolas, which seemed as if edged with white fur. The snow had completely altered the appearance of every thing. The domes of St. Marc, the arabesques on the walls of the Doge's palace, and the Procurazie, usually so graceful and brilliant in the sunlight, looked heavy with their burden of snow, and especially the church, never very lofty, looked quite crushed under the weight of its usually graceful and beautiful roof."

A KING ROBBED.

The King of Sardinia, while out on a sporting excursion a few days ago, having become separated from his suite, was stopped by a party of robbers who demanded his purse. "But I am the King," was the royal reply; to which the robbers answered, "We know that very well, and it is precisely for you that we were waiting here." The wood being solitary, and the suite at a distance, his Majesty was obliged to yield compliance, and held out to the robbers a purse containing twenty gold Napoleons, which was received with marks of the greatest respect.

NICARAGUA.

The news from Nicaragua is very contradictory. It is stated that Gen. Henningsen was besieged in Granada nineteen days, but receiving reinforcements, he gave the enemy battle, and drove them off. He then marched upon Rivas, removing thence the military stores, public documents, etc. The allies, it is alleged, evacuated the place immediately on Henningsen's approach.

Gen. Henningsen, having received reinforcements, after withstanding a siege for ten days, succeeded in driving the enemy before him with a loss of 1400 men, while his (Henningsen's) loss was only 200, and the odds against him were ten to one. All the military stores, artillery, and public documents, were removed to Rivas uninjured.

Walker took possession of Rivas without opposition—the enemy evacuating the place on hearing of his approach.

The Costa Ricans have taken possession of all the boats on the San Juan River, and cut off all communication with Walker from San Juan del Norte.

Three hundred recruits were waiting at Punta Arenas, the repairing of a steamer, which would take five days, when they were determined to go up the river.

Just as the *Texas* was leaving, a messenger arrived at Punta Arenas, stating that Walker, fearing something wrong, had come over to the Atlantic side, and on ascertaining the state of affairs, recaptured Fort San Carlos, which had been taken by the enemy, and was rapidly coming down the river, scattering all before him.

The capture of the boats on the San Juan River was effected by a man named Spencer, formerly a mate on board one of the company's boats, aided by 300 Costa Ricans. Besides capturing all the river boats, and the Forts Castille and San Carlos, they also took both of Walker's large lake steamers, leaving him only one schooner and a few bungos.

Three hundred of Walker's men at Punta Arenas, under Lockridge, attempted to retake the boats lying there, but the British commander gave notice that he would not allow it.

This news is interpreted differently by Walker's friends and his enemies. The former believe that he is killing off his enemies; the latter think that he is nearly finished.

CUBA.

A DEFAULTER.

Don Rafael Castro de Palomino, late city tax collector at Havana, has fled to parts unknown, supposed to the United States. He is a defaulter to an amount said to exceed $200,000. He is now being cited, through the official *Gazette*, to appear at the jail at Havana, to clear himself of the charges against him, he being assured by the Government, at the same time, that justice will be done him; but it is not likely he will avail himself of the invitation. He was considered a model collector, and had an income from his office of $40,000 per annum, and has occupied the same for the past ten years. He was kept in it by his many friends among the nobility, many of whom compose entirely the *Ayuntamiento*, or City Council, and he, in return for their benevolence, was in the habit of dispensing them corresponding favors, by lending them large amounts of money from the city funds, many a doubloon of which has been squandered at *Monte*, and on the results of cock fights. He likewise was in the habit of exempting many of them from paying taxes; but the new incumbent, Señor Gispert, threatens to collect all outstanding accounts against those *friends*.

ASIA.

STARTLING DISCOVERIES IN THE EAST.

A letter has appeared during the week in a Boston paper, giving information of several striking discoveries which have lately been made in the East. It is understood that the writer is Rev. Mr. Wood, United States Consul at Beyroot. He says,

"It is nearly two years since that I informed your readers of the grand and instructive discoveries in ancient Nineveh, made by Mr. Place, the French Consul in Mosul. Following up the researches of Mr. Botta and Mr. Layard, he brought to light monuments of that long entombed city, which equally amazed and delighted the world. A man of genius and enthusiasm, he was encouraged by his successes to extend his researches, which he now closes with an achievement, which, if his opinions shall be verified, will add imperishable lustre to his name. The Tower of Babel was supposed to exist only as a Biblical souvenir—a thing of memory and not of substance. And, indeed, to many who contemplated it only in its audacity and folly, it seemed a myth or a fancy only of Oriental imaginativeness or superstition. Besides, no locality was assigned to the structure, except the great plain of Shinar, and no *debris* or ruins remained as the proof of its veritable reality."

It is not strange that a gentleman who had seen and handled some of the articles brought from the Tower of Babel by Mr. Place should be excited as he says he was: "In relation to archæological news, I take the liberty to inform you that I have just seen the oldest things of the Old World. Indeed, I do not know that I should be more surprised by seeing the fragments of the ark itself. Fancy to yourself that I have just touched and held in my hand, and turned and turned again in every way, a little morceau of the Tower of Babel! This trinket of moulded clay, illustrated and baked by the sons of Noah, has passed from the plain of Shinar to the chapel of St. Mesmin, and is the fruit of the strokes of the hammer in the hand of Mr. Place, our learned and enterprising Consul, to whom I am indebted for a sight at this precious little relic, about which cluster so many grand souvenirs."

THE PALACE OF SEMIRAMIS.

Some very curious photographs, taken by the expedition, completed their labors, one of which was of the ruins of the palace of the famous Queen Semiramis. This ancient monument, situated on the height of a mountain raised by the hands of men, overlooks the awful solitudes which surround Lake Van—a body of water six or seven times larger than Lake Geneva.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF ARBELA.

The village of Arbela, so famous in history for the decisive battle fought near it by Darius and Alexander, is only a few days' journey from Mosul, to which Mr. Place, wearied with the monotonous wonders of Nineveh, set off with his accustomed enthusiasm in search of new discoveries, in a region celebrated in classical history. On his way an incident occurred, which proves to what a degree the statements of history respecting the locality are the simple truth. The escort of Mr. Place dismounted when they reached the field of Arbela, following the example of the Consul, who wished to study the battle-field; and this he was obliged to do standing, as Turkish etiquette permits no one to remain seated in his saddle. Soon, however, he mounted again, in order to scour the plain, and the escort did the same, except a single Turk of enormous proportions, who followed on foot, puffing and bathed in sweat. Mr. Place, pitying him for his sad plight, asked him if he did this because he preferred walking to riding.

"By no means," replied the Turk; "but I am unable to remount my horse, because I need the help of a stone in order to regain my stirrup, and who can find a single stone in all the plain of Gingarnella?"

Now it is well known that Darius employed three hundred thousand men for many days in leveling this plain, and in breaking whatever would interpose an obstacle to his cavalry and chariots of war. In the centre of the old battle-field of Arbela rises a hill of colossal dimensions, whose object the party vainly conjectured, thinking it might be a tomb, or a triumphal monument, or more likely both. Unfortunately they had not time to examine it, nor the appliances necessary for exploring it.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Passing on, Mr. Place and his party at length discovered what they believed to be nothing less than the veritable remains of the Tower of Babel—the wonder of wonders, and the grandest spectacle which the eyes of men can contemplate in this age of the world. The proud tower, which was built in defiance of Heaven, and aimed to pierce the very skies, has lost, in the course of ages, its cloud-reaching elevation. Six of its eight stories have fallen and crumbled into dust; but the two which remain are so high that they may be seen for fifty or sixty miles around. The base of the tower is quadrangular, and each side about six hundred feet long. The tower is made of bricks of the purest clay and of a white color, which is a little shaded with a yellow tint. Under a clear sun, and as a whole, this ancient monument of human skill and daring presents a fine blending of colors which sets the painter's pallet at defiance. Before being baked, the brick had been covered with characters traced with the accuracy of the hand of a writing-master. Near the top of the letters the straight strokes were adorned with flourishes resembling the heads of nails. All was neat, regular, and severe; and indeed those who saw those specimens of ancient calligraphy affirm that the fathers of the human race wrote a better hand than their children.

Another curious fact arrested the attention of the exploring party. The sacred record runs thus: "And it came to pass as they journeyed from the East that they found a plain in the valley of Shinar, and they dwelt there. And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly; and they had brick for stone (or instead of stone), and slime had they for mortar." Modern skeptics may ask, Where could these builders obtain all this bitumen? for a vast quantity must have been demanded to meet the wants of so many trowels. It is a singular coincidence that Mr. Place discovered a fountain at a small distance from the tower, whose waters flow in such abundance as almost to form a river. The stream would force its way into a river in the vicinity, did not the people hasten to stop it by setting the bituminous flood on fire, when they tranquilly wait till the fire is extinguished for the want of aliment. Thus the old fountain still pours out inexhaustible quantities of bitumen, or slime, which supplied these old builders in their vast enterprise. Bitumen also adds to the durability of bricks, as well as firmly consolidates them in masonry. Could any thing be added to the marvel of the coincidences? Thus travels and expeditions in Assyria become Biblical corollaries, and new proofs are never wanting of old truths.

Among the interesting discoveries of Mr. Place were certain inscriptions on fillets of gold, silver, and copper, and also upon a metal now unknown, and which has somewhat of the appearance of ivory. It has been submitted to the experiments of an intelligent metallurgist, and its qualities will soon be ascertained.

THE PERSIAN WAR.

Notwithstanding all that has passed, it is said that the Persian Government has not lost sight of the preservation of its friendship with Great Britain, and is ready to withdraw her troops from Herat on condition that the British Government shall take measures in Candahar, Affghanistan, and Herat itself to secure that each of those countries shall remain for ever under the rule of its own government.

Meanwhile all the chiefs of tribes, by whom the environs of Herat are occupied, have made their submission. The Persian columns, dispatched in pursuit of Dost Mohammed, were advancing on Candahar.

Intelligence had been received at Bombay of the Persian expedition. A force of 5000 men was marching from the Kohat frontier toward Cabul. Severe conflagrations had taken place at Rangoon, Kurrachee, and Bombay.

CHINA.

ANOTHER BRITISH WAR.

The English are again at war with China. The following appear to be the facts of the case. For the past few months the intercourse between the British authorities and the Governor of Canton has been embarrassed with growing difficulties, the result of the unredressed grievances of British merchants. On the 8th of October the Chinese authorities consummated their career of arbitrary violence by seizing a lorcha under British colors, and making prisoners of the crew. It is stated on good authority that they cut off the heads of four of the crew. The consul, Mr. Parkes, the British agent on the spot, proceeded first on board the lorcha, and afterward endeavored to obtain an interview with the mandarins. On board the lorcha he was menaced, and the mandarins refused to give any kind of explanation of the proceeding.

The consul immediately dispatched intelligence of these events to Sir John Bowring at Hong Kong, and also to Sir Michael Seymour, who was on the spot, and reprisals were commenced in a mild form by the seizure of a mandarin junk, which the commodore, the Hon. C. G. J. B. Elliot of the *Sybille*, took and sent into Hong Kong. Meanwhile the consul sent in a strong remonstrance to Yeh, the governor of the city, to which no answer was returned. Finding all his efforts vain, Consul Parkes renounced further attempts at conciliation, and a naval force soon appeared on the scene.

On the 18th of October Sir Michael Seymour dispatched from Hong Kong the screw corvette *Encounter*, 14 guns, and the steam-sloop *Sampson*, 6, for Whampoa in the first instance, with a large force of marines and blue jackets; and the steam-sloop *Barracouta* followed with further detachments. Admiral Seymour himself then proceeded to Canton and undertook the direction of the operations. The British and other traders were officially warned of the posture of affairs, and commercial transactions, which for a week before had been little more than nominal, were suspended.

The river in front of Canton is rather broader than the Thames at London Bridge, but the depth of water does not exceed two fathoms, while the narrow passages by which access is gained to it on the eastern side of the Island of Whampoa have a depth not exceeding a fathom and a half. The city is externally guarded by five forts, of which two are on the land side and two on Pearl River. These were attacked and taken by the English on the 24th of October. An attempt was then made by Admiral Seymour to terminate the difficulty without further hostilities, but the Chinese governor would neither give satisfaction nor grant an interview to the British commander.

BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

Admiral Seymour then determined to attack the city itself. A wall, composed partly of sandstone and partly of brick, surrounds Canton; it is about thirty feet high and twenty-five feet thick, and is mounted with cannon. Against this wall a fire was opened on the 27th October, and by the 29th a practical breach had been opened, through which the troops entered. The Governor's palace, situated in the southwestern part of the new city, was gained, but appears not to have proved a position worth holding, for the troops were withdrawn in the evening, with the loss of only three killed and twelve wounded.

A further attempt which was now made to negotiate proved vain, and it was then resolved to attack the old, inner, or Mantchou portion of the city, divided by the southern by a high massive stone-wall, and containing the garrison of Canton. This part of the city was bombarded on the 3d and 4th of November, and on the 6th the *Barracouta* destroyed twenty-three war junks. Another interval of reflection was then granted to the Chinese Governor, but at the date of the last accounts from Canton which had reached Hong Kong no signs of an accommodation were discernible.

The Imperialist garrison of Canton was in a very weakened state. The Governor had raised the pay of common soldiers from $6 to $8 a month. Kawellin-foo, the capital of the adjoining Province of Kwangsi, was closely invested by the insurgents, who, it was thought, would probably attack the Mantchou Governor as soon as his new embarrassments became known.

The British and American ladies were removed from Canton and sent, on October 23, with the treasure to Hong Kong. A detachment of marines from the United States ship *Portsmouth*, assisted in guarding the factories.

INTERFERENCE OF UNITED STATES VESSELS.

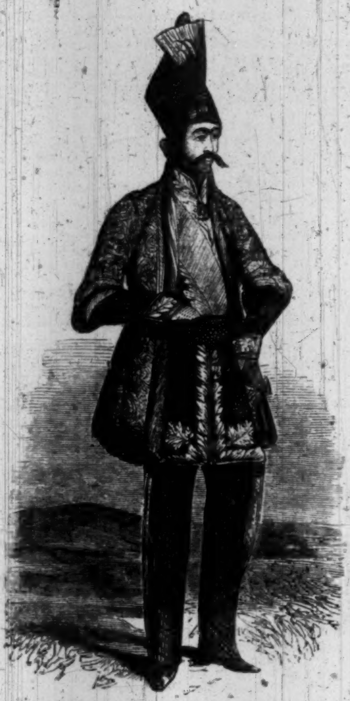
Accounts of the American proceedings are not full. It is, however, announced that an American ship was fired into from one of the Chinese forts in the Macao passage, whereupon the United States frigate *Portsmouth* immediately proceeded to destroy it; and also notified the Chinese authorities that, unless instant reparation was made for the insult offered to the American flag, hostile operations would be commenced. The United States steamer *San Jacinto*, after landing Dr. Parker at Macao, November 11, returned to Whampoa and anchored off French Island with the *Portsmouth* and *Devant*. The British Consul, Mr. Parkes, under date of November 15, officially informs the European community that Admiral Seymour does not deem it expedient to say what future measures he will adopt, but sees no immediate prospect of a restoration of quiet.

The mail steamer when leaving met a French frigate approaching the scene.

FRENCH MOVEMENTS.

The French Emperor is said to have dispatched a squadron to the Chinese Seas to avenge the death of the missionary Chastelaine, who was killed by the Chinese. He is said to demand peremptorily that a French embassador be received at Pekin. M. de Montigny arrived at Hue, the capital of Cochin China, on the 15th September. He, or one of his suite, gives the following information about a new naval expedition now fitting out at Hue:

The Annamite government is preparing there a maritime expedition, which, to judge from appearances, will be one of the most formidable ever seen in that part of the world. The expedition is, it is said, to act against China, and a descent is to be made on the coast of Pe-Tche-be. The Cochin Chinese fleet is completely organized, and comprises 1200 war vessels of all sizes, divided into three classes—the ships of war of the first class, which are the size of our frigates, and carry from 50 to 60 guns; the galleys, which are propelled either by sail or by the oar, and the ordinary transport ships. Each division of the fleet is commanded by an admiral, under the direction of Prince Ghia-Khang, a relative of the emperor, who fills the post of Grand Admiral. His flagship is called the *Menak-Khong-Sin* (the Commander of the Seas), and carries 62 guns.



NASR-OOD-DEEN, THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

A LITTLE PROSE ABOUT PERSIA.

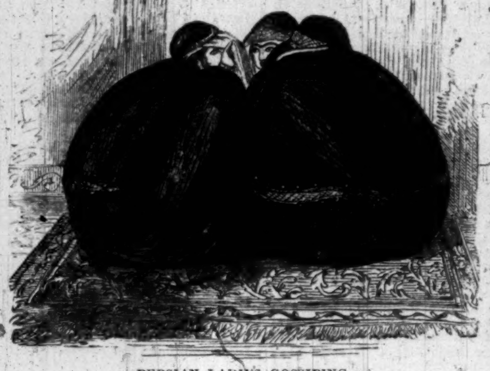
THE conventional Persian lady is a creature of exquisite loveliness and furious sensibility, who reads Hafiz, sings to the lute, dreams of poetic love, has the most romantic adventures with handsome men who peep through the lattice of the hareem, and spends her life in dodging a ferocious eunuch with a cimeter and a bowstring. Such was Moore's Zelica; such the ladies whose charming correspondence Monsieur de Montesquieu was so good as to give us.

The Persian lady in the flesh is, we fear, a very different affair. At least Lady Shiel, who spent four years in Persia, and associated with the best society at Teheran—her husband being British Minister there at the time—does not paint her quite so rosily.

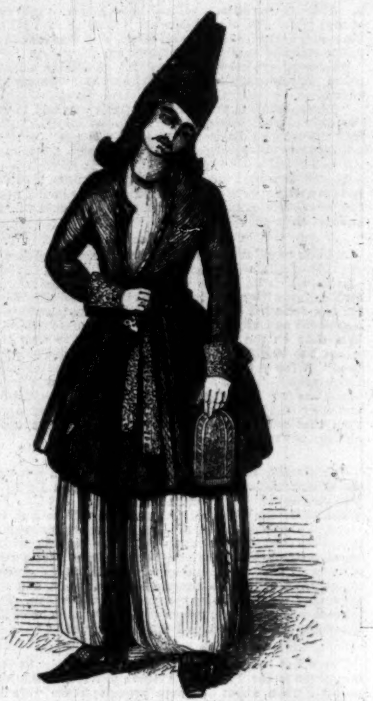
In the first place, youth and beauty are at a discount among the Persians. Age and wrinkles command. Our belles of sixteen to eighteen, who reign supreme in Fifth Avenue, and kindly allow a modest subsistence and a secluded arm-chair to their mammas and aunts, would, if they were Persians, be mere slaves of some old woman—dummies, with no prospect of emancipation, even by marriage, until they were the mothers of some strapping sons. At the court at Teheran, the Khanum, or Shah's mother, is despotic. She receives visitors, legislates for the household, mixes largely in public affairs. Her son's wives sit mute in her presence; watch her eye with respectful awe. She makes matches for her grandchildren, and extends her wholesome authority over their households as well as her son's. So long as she lives, the foreign embassadors pay their chief court to her, and even the Shah's authority is limited.

Conjugal affection is reported to exist in various country parts of the Persian empire. Instances are recorded of wives of muleteers addressing their husbands tenderly while rubbing down their mules. In the towns, of course, no such low sentiments flourish. Matrimony is a respectable institution, involving submission on the one side, and pecuniary support on the other—nothing more. A highly civilized people these Persians! The interest of the ladies is adverse to polygamy, as the allowance for pin-money is the same whether it is divided between four or monopolized by one. But no man of any social standing dispenses with the full Mohammedan allowance; the present Shah has twelve, but his moderation is known. Persian marriages bear a closer resemblance to feudal leases than to our Anglo-Saxon deeds of sale: they last for ninety years—no longer. At the end of the ninety years, both husband and wife are free to contract new engagements; though, as a leading Persian jurist gravely observes, this privilege has been seldom claimed.

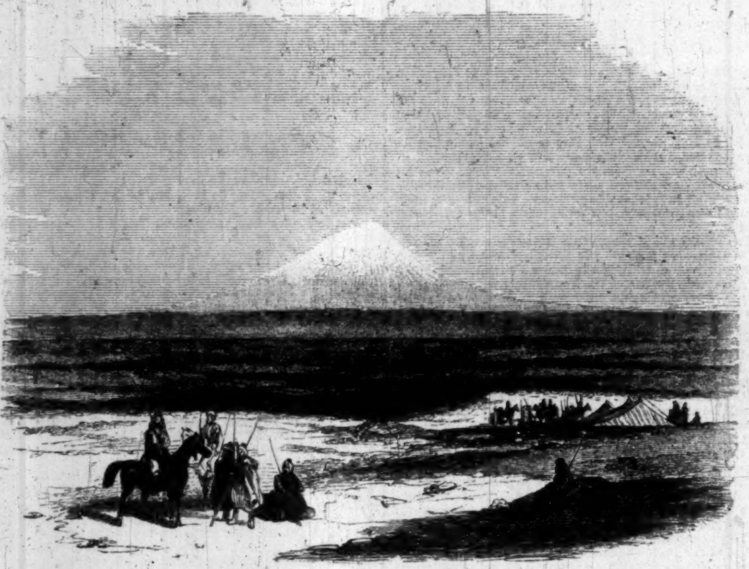
Harder to bear than jealousy or ill-treatment by their husbands is the inexorable necessity of living twenty-four hours, of sixty minutes each, per day, without work, or balls, or operas, or books, or intelligent music, or any rational diversion. Lady Shiel never recovered the good opinion of the best society at Teheran after being detected with a needle in her hand. The only thing that a Persian lady may do is gossip. Thanks to the usual walking disguise, it is impossible to distinguish a princess from a peasant girl in the street: all classes roam the bazars and baths; the doctor's residence particularly is a rendezvous where good female society may constantly be found. Each lady has an ailment, which is always classed by the Persian faculty among the hot or the cold diseases, and treated accordingly with hot or cold remedies on allopathic principles. By a process of reasoning, however, which mere Americans can not expect to fathom, ice is a hot, and pepper a cold remedy. Once dozed, the ladies squat on carpets, and indulge in delicious communion. Scandal warns Christian ladies against joining these unreserved social circles. A Persian lady's sphere of observation is necessarily limited, and her favorite topics are rather alarming to Western ears.



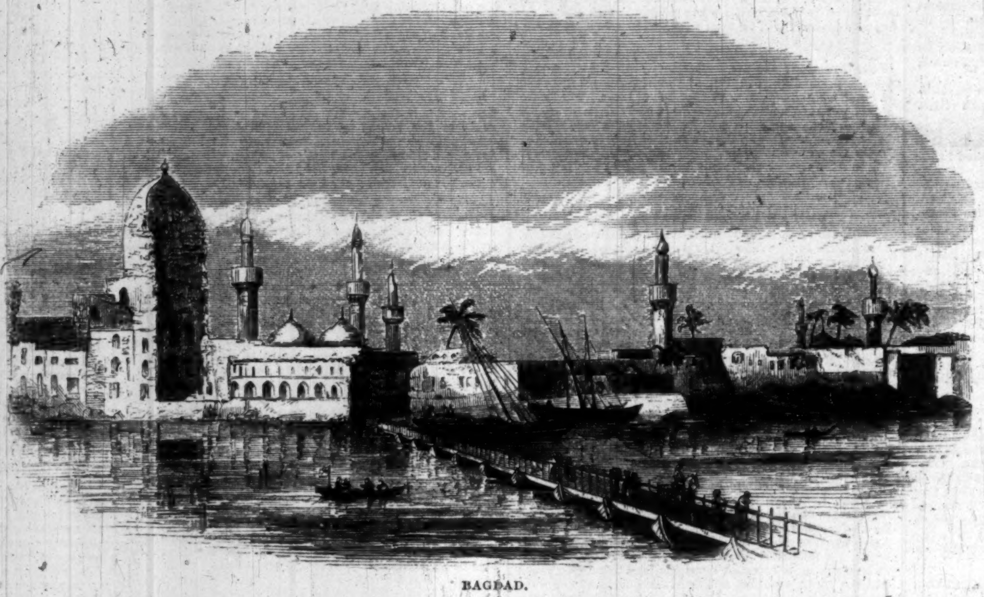
PERSIAN LADIES GOSSIPING.



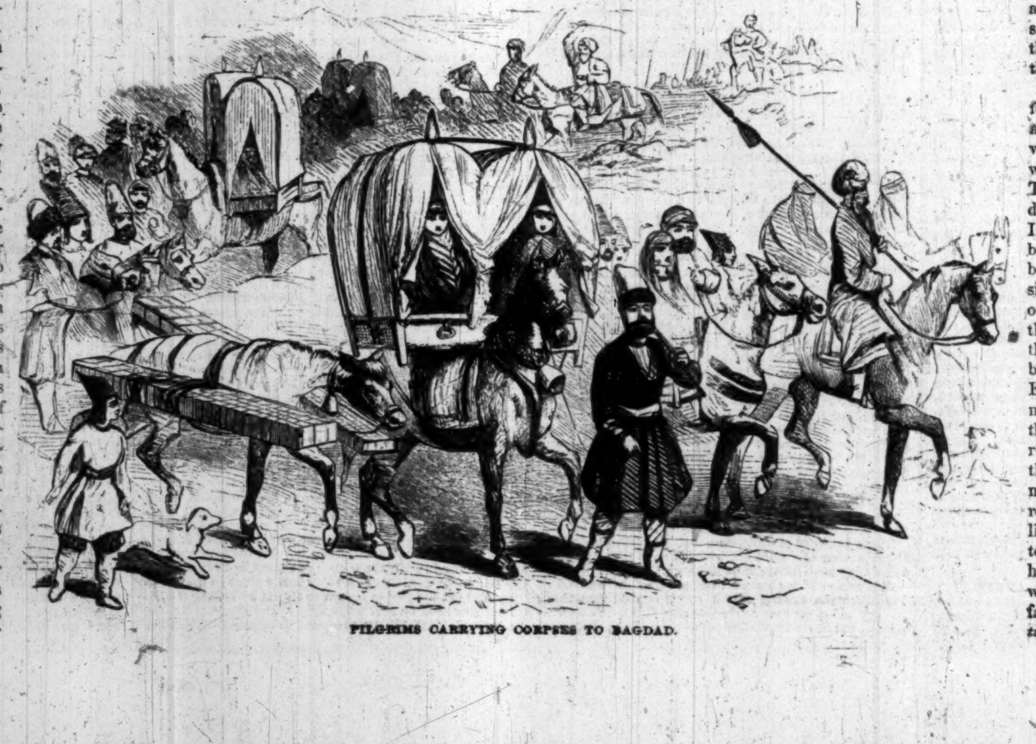
A PERSIAN GENTLEMAN.



MOUNT ELBRONZ, SEEN FROM THE STEPPES.



BAGDAD.

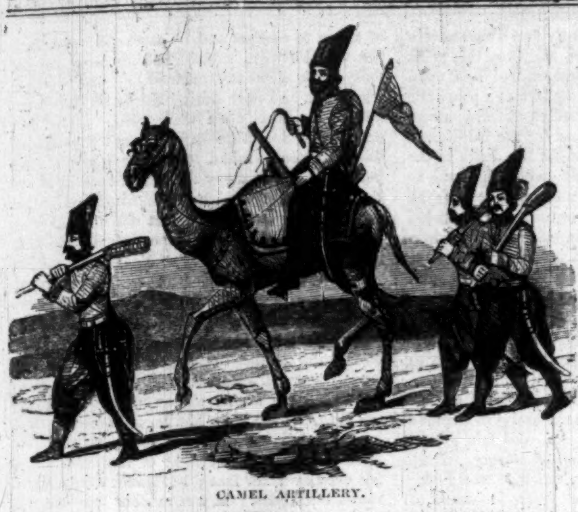


PILGRIMS CARRYING CORPSES TO BAGDAD.

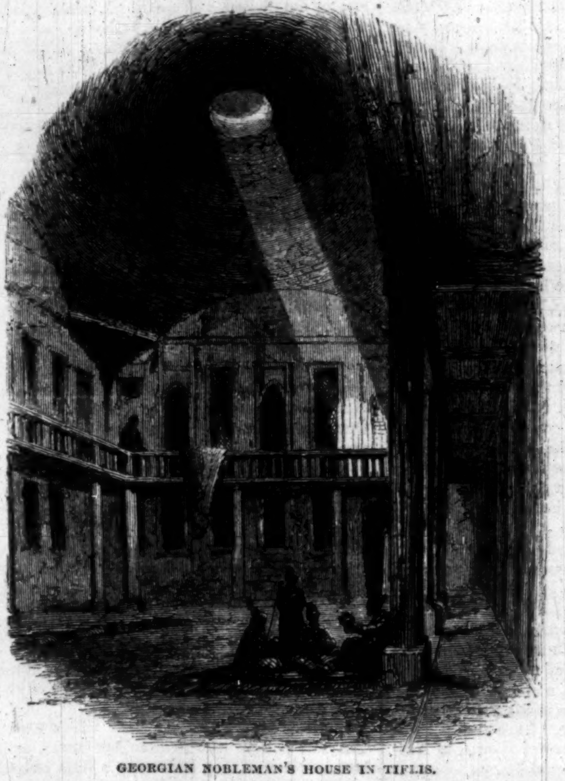
In the very highest class of society, it is whispered that some ladies of extraordinary talent have learned to read and write. However this be, it is certain that several princesses of the blood can cook a pillau, and stuff a lamb with chestnuts: one noble lady, whose merits are a popular theme of admiration, has achieved triumphs in candy. These redeeming features are counterbalanced by corresponding blemishes; if the fair Iranees can cook, they can also eat. The gluttony of the men is proverbial; a Frank dinner only serves to whet their appetite, and it is believed that no possible amount of liquor can intoxicate them. *Gourmandise* is common to both sexes; two pounds of sugar-candy are a small morning allowance for a lady of fashion. Zelica herself, if the truth were known, must have often emptied a sugar-basin in a single reverie. Divers malicious travelers, no doubt from pique, have lately charged upon the fair Persians a love for Champagne also: let us scout the insinuation. Still, there was a princess whom Lady Shiel visited, who, like the lamented Mrs. Gamp, drank an unknown liquid out of the spout of a private teapot: her highness said that it contained physic.

They give their children opium to keep them quiet, and seven out of ten of the poor little creatures sleep their way out of the world. They give their husbands love-potions to prevent them marrying again; and the dose often operates by carrying off the unfaithful swain. When it fails, divorce is the mildest form of punishment for the lady.

Neither crinoline nor hoops have found their way into Persia: skirts are unknown. Persian society diverts itself over the Frank women, who wear "trowsers with one leg." Their own have two—these stupendous of their kind. Washington Irving's account of the Dutchmen's breeches sinks into insignificance beside the plainest picture of Persian pantalettes. Twelve pairs, one over the other, and graduated from the finest gauze to brocades so stiff that each leg will stand on its own bottom or top, are the latest *mode*. Each leg (we deeply deplore the necessity of being obliged to use this forbidden word, but our fair readers must see the exigency of the case)—each leg is as wide as a modern hooped skirt. Some narrow-minded persons of the masculine gender have had the meanness to complain of the space which hooped skirts occupy in Broadway: what would they say if each fair promenader "eventuated" in *two* such spherical continuations?



CAMEL ARTILLERY.



GEORGIAN NOBLEMAN'S HOUSE IN TIFLIS.

And the ladies—how would they like—? But we forbear. Nature shudders at the thought of a female Colossus bestriding immensity.

Persian propriety, adequately supplied with trowsers, asks for nothing more. A gauze chemisette, a mere textile vapor, envelops without hiding the bust; the feet, which are small and pretty, are set off by Cashmere stockings, without shoes. Add to these, armlets, bracelets, and necklaces in profusion, rouge on the cheeks, henna on the palms and finger-tips, and streaks of antimony on the eyebrows and eyelids, and you have the picture of the Persian lady of fashion as she receives your "brightness" in her anteroom, and hopes, in the usual form, that your "nose is fat." This costume she wears night and day in the house. A princess asked Lady Shiel confidentially whether it was true that European ladies stripped off their clothes and dressed in a long white garment on going to bed; even the strongest assurances from her visi[illegible]failed to convince her that so ridiculous a pract[illegible] could really prevail. When they go abroad, o[illegible]course the Persian women vary their costume. When they travel, the wives of rich men are often carried in boxes like corpses. In the bazars they wear a cloak like the one shown in the engraving. At the country places, where they spend a part of the summer, less restraint is required, and the cloak is reduced to a size which permits the wearer to run about in the fields, and select from the flock the lamb she would like to have roasted for supper. This pastime, by-the-way, is so highly appreciated that the ladies of Tabriz and Teheran are said to rejoice at the approach of the cholera or the plague, as they know they will be sent to the country.

Another melancholy occasion to which the Persian ladies look forward with eagerness is the month of Moharrem, when the slaughter of Imam Hoossein, a grandson of the Prophet, is represented in a dramatic performance lasting ten days. An immense building, capable of containing several thousand persons, is constructed by government, and all the officers of state and foreign embassies are expected to lend the performers horses and other "properties." The drama reminds one of the old moralities which used to be performed in European cities during the Middle Ages. Imam Hoossein marches and fights, retreats, conquers, fights again, and is beaten and made prisoner; all his family and suite are slain in presence of the spectators. Each of his friends and children has a separate agony, and makes a separate last dying speech to the weeping audience. Efforts are made to save his life. Moses appears, in the costume of an Arab chief, with an old matchlock, and pleads for Hoossein, but in vain. A British embassador rides in, in cocked hat and feathers (that being, as every one knows, the costume of the English in the seventh century), and delivers a speech, but all without avail. Christian spectators are sometimes shocked by the appearance of Christ himself upon the stage, accompanied by two wives; but even his intercession is unsuccessful, and, amidst the shrieks of the audience, the unhappy Hoossein is duly put to death. The tragedy on the stage is diversified with comedies in the parquette and boxes. Fierce quarrels arise among the ladies about seats; in a trice, slippers are whipped off, and made to fly about the heads of the combatants, until the police interfere, and summarily chastise the offending fair with their long sticks.

Every thing Persian is in a state of decay, more or less advanced. The cities are wretched ruins. Tabriz, the great northern commercial town, which dates from a period almost antehistorical, and which, only three centuries ago, contained half a million of people, is now the home of less than one-fourth that number; the space within the ditch which formerly surrounded the city is divided between great holes, from whence earth has been dug for building purposes, and long rows of miserable huts of unburned brick, without windows or paint; dead dogs and horses rot in the most frequented thoroughfares. In this case Nature has something to answer for. Though in nearly the same latitude as Washington, the cold often exceeds 15° below zero in winter; the heat of summer breeds the plague; and earthquakes have several times destroyed the whole town. But Ispahan, the old capital, which is admirably situate, is still more desolate. In the sixteenth century its population was estimated at 600,000; it is not over one-tenth that number now; the visitor walks through long lines of noble bazars, where not a sound is heard but his own footstep; he may, if he choose, take up his abode in any one of a hundred fine palaces, now sadly crumbling into dust, and ownerless. Teheran, the present capital, with a population of about 75,000, most of whom leave it in summer, has never been a great city. It stands in a desolate plain, teeming with fevers during the hot months; the water for the use of the court is brought from a distance, for it is death, or at least severe dysentery, to taste the contents of the Teheran wells: the whole city reminds one of a circus establishment, hurriedly put up, so that it can be rapidly taken down and carried away.

Persian decline is mainly due to the character of the government. The founder of the present dynasty, Agha Mohammed Khan, maintained, as he had won the throne, by merciless cruelty. He was a man who would, on the occasion of a revolt, order the eyes of several hundred of the insurgents to be produced before him; would count them, and turning to his minister, when the calculation was made, would growl—"Wallahee! if one had been wanting I would have made up the number from your own eyes." His successors have been less energetic, but equally savage. Though Persia is said to be a democracy, and barbers and grocers become prime ministers; though the utmost freedom of speech is allowed, and any one who chooses may abuse the Shah in public as long as he likes; freedom stops there, and overt acts are punished with terrible severity. The Babee agitation has vindicated the character of the present Shah from any suspicion of clemency.

Forty years ago a son was born to a merchant of Shiraz. The boy, studying theology, became possessed with the notion of forming a sect, adopted communism and pantheism as his cardinal principles, and, under the name of Bab, or the Gate of Heaven, began to preach. Crowds were converted; Bab found himself at the head of an army. At length the Persians, reflecting on the natural consequences of communism, fell to bastinadoing Bab, by way of saving their property. This application to the soles of his feet produced a change in his mind, and he recanted publicly. But his followers, who were not bastinadoed, remained steadfast; wherefore the Shah ordered poor Bab to be shot. He was led into the great square at Tabriz, amidst thousands of people; the soldiers fired, but when the smoke cleared away there was Bab, running for his life, without the least hurt. Here was a fine chance for a miracle, and Bab would certainly have been a second Mohammed, but that he ran the wrong way, was caught, and very thoroughly shot this time.

Bab dead, the Babees canonized him and became more fervent than ever. Scores of them were hunted down, but they died so manfully that their blood was a fruitful seed of proselytes. Representations from the foreign ministers to the present Shah induced him to try the effect of letting the Babees alone; he did so, and four of the leaders of the sect tried to murder him as he rode out. The Shah, a fine, gentlemanly man, was a good deal frightened, reproached his foreign advisers with the fruits of their advice, and gave orders for a grand massacre of Babees. In consideration of the atrocity of the crime, it was resolved that the culprits should be executed by the officers and members of the court. The following extract from the account of the affair, in the official paper, the *Teheran Gazette*, will give some idea of the Persian mode of ordering such matters.

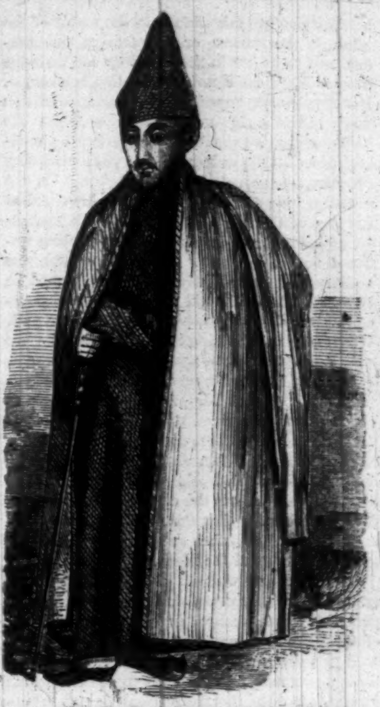
After relating the attack and the sentence, the journalist says:

"The Mollahs, priests, and learned men slew Mollah Sheik Ali, the deputy of Bab.

"The Princes slew Leyed Hassan, of Khorassan, a man of noted profligacy, with pistol-shots, swords, and daggers.

"The Minister of Foreign Affairs, full of religious and moral zeal, took the first shot at Mollah Zeyn-ul-abedeen, of Yezd, and the secretaries of his department finished him, and cut him in pieces.

"Mollah Fetoolah, of Koom, who fired the shot which wounded the Royal person, was killed thus:

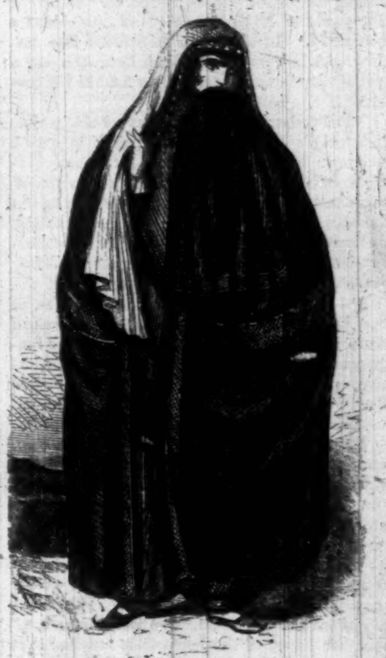


THE PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA.

in the midst of the Royal camp, candles were placed in his body (by making incisions) and lighted. The Steward of the Household wounded him in the very place that he had injured the Shah, and then the attendants stoned him.

"The nobles of the court sent Sheik Abbas, of Teheran, to hell.

"The Shah's Master of the Horse and the servants of the stable horseshod Mohammed Tekkee, of Shiraz, and sent him to join his companions.



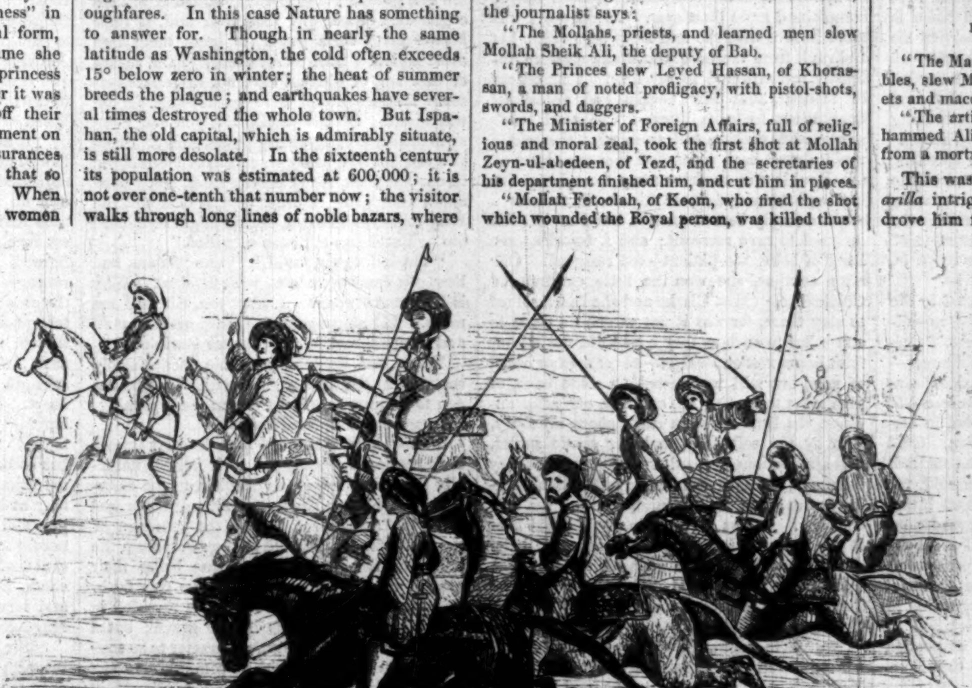
PERSIAN LADY WALKING.

"The Masters of the Ceremonies, and other nobles, slew Mohammed, of Nejjeffabad, with hatchets and maces, and sent him to the depths of hell.

"The artillerymen first dug out the eye of Mohammed Ali, of Nejjeffabad, and then blew him from a mortar," etc., etc.

This was in 1852. In the same year, a *camarilla* intrigue overset the prime minister and drove him from office. He retired into exile, as usual, with his wife, a sister of the Shah. Knowing the peril in which her husband stood, this courageous woman—a strange exception to her sex in Persia—never allowed him to leave her room, and invariably tasted his food before she allowed him to touch it. One day, after some months of this life, a message reached her from the Shah to say that her husband had been reinstated, and that a cavalcade would soon approach to escort him back to Teheran. The messenger urged him to take a bath. For the first time since his exile he left his wife's apartment, walked toward the bath, and was assassinated midway by order of the Shah and his new minister. His widow, a pretty young creature of eighteen, was forced to marry the son of her husband's successor in office.

Of course, when such deeds can be committed by the first persons in the country, justice is not fairly administered to any. There is, in fact, no administration of justice at all in Persia. Criminals of the



KURDS CHARGING.

blackest dye can take refuge in the stable of the Shah, of the princes, or of a foreign embassador, and no power in the kingdom can dislodge them. Even the commonest police is wanting. Dervises—idle, impudent vagabonds—will sit down before a rich man's house, and keep the neighborhood awake for days together, by howling discordantly, unless they be paid what they consider an equivalent for moving on. On one occasion, one of these fellows took his stand at the foot of the flag-staff at the British Embassy, and would not decamp or cease howling under a very large sum. The embassador was embarrassed, for so holy a man could not be thrashed, and yet he did not like to set the example of yielding to his impudent demand. While he was pondering the matter, the dervise coolly sowed about two yards square in wheat, as if to say that that would be his home till harvest time. A member of the embassy just at that moment perceived that the flag-staff was very dirty. Of course, the Englishman had a right to clean his own flag-staff; so he sent a few men aloft with buckets of water, and it so happened—greatly to the chagrin of the embassador, of course—that the dervise got so thoroughly drenched before the job was half done, that he abandoned the place.

Decay is every where. In olden time a vast system of subterranean irrigation fertilized a part of the great central desert of Persia; most of the aqueducts are now choked up, and the land at a few miles' distance from the great cities is never moistened save by those rare storms which devastate the fruit country, and create torrents that sweep down the mountain sides, whirling before them stones, trees, and houses in their furious career. As a natural consequence Persia has been said to consist partly of a desert with salt, and partly of a desert without salt. Labor and living are cheap. A skilled mechanic earns six cents a day, on which he supports a family. Beef is a cent a pound, mutton two cents, bread about six mills, land and house-rent a mere song. Clothing, except among the higher classes, is also very cheap; a few yards of English printed cottons clothe a household. In the poorer provinces less suffices. A late traveler through Looristan saw a girl of sixteen reaping corn in a field in the costume of Eve before the fall.

The Persian language, like every thing else, is passing away. On state occasions it is used at court; but the Toorkomans have their dialects, infinitely diversified, and the people of the finest provinces of the empire, those on the Russian frontier, use the Turkish tongue almost exclusively. The Persian sovereigns have vainly tried to check the inroads of Turkish. They preserve a legend to the effect that when the Angel Gabriel was sent from heaven to expel our first parents from Paradise, he addressed them in Arabic, Sanscrit, and various other languages without success; at last, enraged, he roared at Adam in pure Turkish, "Be off, you dog!" whereat the first man, scared by the uncouth sounds, ran away without further ado.

Formerly the Persian cattle—horses, kine, and camels—bore a high repute. The horses still maintain their character in some degree; they can travel immense distances, and endure almost as much hardship as the Arabian. A favorite horse is tended with great care; when he is stabled a pig is shut up with him, in order that misfortunes intended for the nobler may fall upon the baser animal. When the pig dies he is said to be "the horse's sacrifice," and the owner of the horse feels satisfied that his beast's life has been saved. The horse is rarely employed at drudgery. He carries his master to the field: freight is the burden of mules and camels. Even so precious a burden as the corpse of a Persian—when on its last long journey to the holy ground for burial—is slung on the back of a mule, and escorted by horses.

Camels are as extensively used for traveling as ever. They figure in the body-guard of the Shah as a corps of artillery. Our engraving depicts one of these camels with its rider, who is armed with a sort of *mousqueton*, capable of discharging a half-pound ball. The corps is, of course, purely ornamental.

The greatest armament ever collected in the world was, according to Mr. Grote, the expedition which Xerxes led against Greece. Perhaps two millions of men—including followers—marched under the Great King; Herodotus says five and a quarter; the lower figure is four-fold the largest expeditionary force recorded in history. Other matters were in keeping. Gold was collected by the Persian monarchs, melted, and run into earthen vessels. When cold, the vessels were broken, and the precious lumps stored away, to be chopped with a broadsword when money was required. We read of a hundred millions of gold—half as much, perhaps, as the metallic currency of one of the great commercial nations of the present day—being stored in one king's vault at the same time.

Modern Persia, to use the strong expression of a diplomatist, is "a sicker man than Turkey." We hardly know what its territory was in the days of Persian greatness; now, its area hardly exceeds that of Texas, with a population of seven millions, one-third of whom are in rebellion, or, at least, very imperfect subjection, to the Shah. Commercially, its rank could not well be lower; its consumption of foreign manufactures is diminishing every year—not from the growth of home fabrics, but from absolute incapacity to pay for importations. Politically, it has been, like Turkey, for many years a shuttlecock for English and Russian battledores, and now only lingers till it shall be decided whether the Czar or the East India Company is to swallow it up. Financially, it is bankrupt; with a revenue of about seven millions of dollars, and an expenditure slightly larger, it has no means either of borrowing abroad or levying tribute at home; for already, in the richer provinces, the tax equals twenty-five per cent. of the taxable's income, and it is a settled principle of Persian policy that each Shah shall repudiate his predecessor's debts. Add to these causes of decay a standing army of some 100,000 effective strength, a royal family consisting of some three thousand persons, all chargeable to the state and largely provided for, universal corruption among government officials, lax morality among the people, and, finally, divisions of race and fierce feuds between tribe and tribe, and it will be seen that Persia is destined, at no distant day, to undergo a radical change of some sort.

"Next to falsehood," says Herodotus, "which they hold in the greatest abhorrence, the deepest disgrace for a Persian is to be in debt." Next to the Hindoos, the Persians of our day are, perhaps, the greatest liars in the world; and we have excellent reason for believing that the whole population of the country, from the Shah to the Toorkoman freebooters, is in debt to somebody. Princes of the blood beg for a few dollars from the foreign ministers; merchants repudiate their bonds; priests and princesses, soldiers and statesmen, public officials and private citizens, are all incessantly borrowing, and never repay. In Persian *sedakat* means honesty; but when you say of a man that he is a person of *sedakat*, you mean that he is a simpleton.

A merchant of high standing had been intrusted with the fortune of a Georgian slave, who, dying, chose this method of eluding the usual escheat to the crown. The fiduciary buried his confiding friend; then, presenting himself before the Prime Minister, announced that Providence had enabled him to be the means of saving the Shah a serious loss. He produced a bag containing half the Georgian's fortune, and surrendered it, retaining the other half as his commission. Public opinion placed this rogue at the head of the mercantile community in which he lived.

Another leading Persian merchant, who had had dealings ranging to thousands of dollars with a foreigner, once appeared before him, and solicited a private interview. Admitted to a private room, he drew from his pocket a china cup and saucer, and handed them to the foreigner, candidly confessing that some weeks before he had stolen them from his warehouse; he returned them, he said, to ease his conscience, as his health was bad, and he might die at any time. Of the moral guilt of his action he had not the least conception.

THE POOR CLARE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE THIRD.

What was to be done next? was the question that I asked myself. As for Lucy, she would fain have submitted to the doom that lay upon her. Her gentleness and piety, under the pressure of so horrible a life, seemed over-passive to me. She never complained. Mrs. Clarke complained more than ever. As for me, I was more in love with the real Lucy than ever; but I shrunk from the false similitude with an intensity proportioned to my love. I found out by instinct, that Mrs. Clarke had occasional temptations to leave Lucy. The good lady's nerves were shaken, and, from what she said, I could almost have concluded that the object of the Double was to drive away from Lucy this last and almost earliest friend. At times I could scarcely bear to own it, but I myself felt inclined to turn recreant; and I would accuse Lucy of being too patient—too resigned. One after another, she won the little children of Coldholme. (Mrs. Clarke and she had resolved to stay there, for was it not as good a place as any other to such as they? and did not all our faint hopes rest on Bridget—never seen or heard of now, but still we trusted to come back, or give some token?) So, as I say, one after another, the little children came about my Lucy, won by her soft tones, and her gentle smiles, and kind actions. Alas! one after another they fell away, and shrunk from her path with blanching terror; and we too surely guessed the reason why. It was the last drop. I could bear it no longer. I resolved no more to linger around the spot, but to go back to my uncle, and among the learned divines of the city of London seek for some power whereby to annul the curse.

My uncle, meanwhile, had obtained all the requisite testimonials relating to Lucy's descent and birth, from the Irish lawyers, and from Mr. Gisborne. The latter gentleman had written from abroad (he was again serving in the Austrian army) a letter alternately passionately self-reproachful, and stoically repellant. It was evident that when he thought of Mary—her short life—how he had wronged her, and of her violent death, he could hardly find words severe enough for his own conduct, and from this point of view the curse that Bridget had laid upon him and his, was regarded by him as a prophetic doom, to the utterance of which she was moved by a Higher Power, working for the fulfillment of a deeper vengeance than for the death of the poor dog. But then, again, when he came to speak of his daughter, the repugnance which the conduct of the demoniac creature had produced in his mind, was but ill-disguised under a show of profound indifference as to Lucy's fate. One almost felt as if he would have been as content to put her out of existence, as he would have been to destroy some disgusting reptile that had invaded his chamber or his couch.

The great Fitzgerald property was Lucy's; and that was all—was nothing.

My uncle and I sate in the gloom of a London November evening, in our house in Ormond Street. I was out of health, and felt as if I were in an inextricable coil of misery. Lucy and I wrote to each other, but that was little; and we dared not see each other for dread of the fearful Third, who had more than once taken her place at our meetings. My uncle had, on the day I speak of, bidden prayers to be put up on the ensuing Sabbath in many a church and meeting-house in London, for one grievously tormented by an evil spirit. He had faith in prayers—I had none; I was fast losing faith in all things. So we sate—he trying to interest me in the old talk of other days, I oppressed by one thought—when our old servant, Anthony, opened the door, and, without speaking, showed in a very gentlemanly and prepossessing man, who had something remarkable about his dress, betraying his profession to be that of the Roman Catholic priesthood. He glanced at my uncle first, then at me. It was to me he bowed.

"I did not give my name," said he, "because you would hardly have recognized it; unless, Sir, when in the North, you heard of Father Bernard, the chaplain at Stoney Hurst?"

I remembered afterward that I had heard of him, but at the time I had utterly forgotten it; so I professed myself a complete stranger to him; while my ever hospitable uncle, although hating a Papist as much as it was in his nature to hate any thing, placed a chair for the visitor, and bade Anthony bring glasses and a fresh jug of claret.

Father Bernard received this courtesy with the graceful ease and pleasant acknowledgment which belongs to the man of the world. Then he turned to scan me with his keen glance. After some slight conversation, entered into on his part, I am certain, with an intention of discovering on what terms of confidence I stood with my uncle, he paused, and said, gravely:

"I am sent here with a message to you, Sir, from a woman to whom you have shown kindness, and who is one of my penitents, in Antwerp—one Bridget Fitzgerald."

"Bridget Fitzgerald!" exclaimed I. "In Antwerp? Tell me, Sir, all that you can about her."

"There is much to be said," he replied. "But may I inquire if this gentleman—if your uncle is acquainted with the particulars of which you and I stand informed?"

"All that I know, he knows," said I, eagerly, laying my hand on my uncle's arm, as he made a motion as if to quit the room.

"Then I have to speak before two gentlemen who, however they may differ from me in faith, are yet fully impressed with the fact, that there are evil powers going about continually to take cognizance of our evil thoughts; and, if their Master gives them power, to bring them into overt action. Such is my theory of the nature of that sin, of which I dare not disbelieve—as some skeptics would have us do—the sin of witchcraft. Of this deadly sin, you and I are aware Bridget Fitzgerald has been guilty. Since you saw her last, many prayers have been offered in our churches, many masses sung, many penances undergone, in order that, if God and the Holy Saints so willed it, her sin might be blotted out. But it has not been so willed."

"Explain to me," said I, "who you are, and how you come connected with Bridget. Why is she at Antwerp? I pray you, Sir, tell me more. If I am impatient, excuse me; I am ill and feverish, and in consequence bewildered."

There was something to me inexpressibly soothing in the tone of voice with which he began to narrate, as if it were from the beginning, his acquaintance with Bridget.

"I had known Mr. and Mrs. Starkey during their residence abroad, and so it fell out naturally that when I came as chaplain to the Sherburnes at Stoney Hurst, our acquaintance was renewed; and thus I became the confessor of the whole family, isolated as they were from the offices of the Church, Sherburne being their nearest neighbor who professed the true faith. Of course you are aware that facts revealed in confession are sealed as in the grave; but I learned enough of Bridget's character to be convinced that I had to do with no common woman; one powerful for good as for evil. I believe that I was able to give her spiritual assistance from time to time, and that she looked upon me as a servant of that Holy Church which has such wonderful power of moving men's hearts, and relieving them of the burden of their sins. I have known her cross the moors on the wildest nights of storm to confess and be absolved; and then she would return, calmed and subdued, to her daily work about her mistress, no one wotting where she had been during the hours that most passed in sleep upon their beds. After her daughter's departure—after Mary's mysterious disappearance—I had to impose many a long penance to wash away the sin of impatient repining that was fast leading her into the deeper guilt of blasphemy. She set out on that long journey of which you have possibly heard—that fruitless journey in search of Mary—and during her absence, my superiors ordered my return to my former duties at Antwerp, and for many years I heard no more of Bridget.

"Not many months ago, as I was passing homeward in the evening, along one of the streets near St. Jacques, leading into the Meer Street, I saw a woman sitting crouched up under the shrine of the Holy Mother of Sorrows. Her hood was drawn over her head, so that the shadow caused by the light of the lamp above fell deep over her face; her hands were clasped round her knees. It was evident that she was some one in hopeless trouble, and as such it was my duty to stop and speak. I naturally addressed her first in Flemish, believing her to be one of the lower class of inhabitants. She shook her head, but did not look up. Then I tried French, and she replied in that language, but speaking it so indifferently that I was sure she was either English or Irish, and consequently spoke to her in my own native tongue. She recognized my voice; and, starting up, caught at my robes, dragging me before the blessed shrine, and throwing herself down, and forcing me, as much by her evident desire as by her action, to kneel beside her, she exclaimed,

"'Oh, Holy Virgin! you will never hearken to me again, but hear him; for you know him of old, that he does your bidding, and strives to heal broken hearts. Hear him!'

"She turned to me.

"'She will hear you, if you will only pray. She never hears me: she and all the saints in Heaven can not hear my prayers, for the Evil One carries them off, as he carried that first away. Oh, Father Bernard, pray for me!'

"I prayed for one in sore distress, of what nature I could not say; but the Holy Virgin would know. Bridget held me fast, gasping with eagerness at the sound of my words. When I had ended, I rose, and making the sign of the Cross over her, I was going to bless her in the name of the Holy Church when she shrunk away like some terrified creature, and said:

"'I am guilty of deadly sin, and am not shriven.'

"'Arise, my daughter,' said I, 'and come with me.' And I led the way into one of the confessionals of St. Jacques.

"She knelt; I listened. No words came. The evil powers had stricken her dumb, as I heard afterward they had many a time before, when she approached confession.

"She was too poor to pay for the necessary forms of exorcism; and hitherto those priests to whom she had addressed herself were either so ignorant of the meaning of her broken French, or her Irish-English, or else esteemed her to be one crazed—as, indeed, her wild and excited manner might easily have led any one to think—that they had neglected the sole means of loosening her tongue, so that she might confess her deadly sin, and, after due penance, obtain absolution. But I knew Bridget of old, and felt that she was a penitent sent to me. I went through those holy offices appointed by our Church for the relief of such a case. I was the more bound to do this, as I found that she had come to Antwerp for the sole purpose of discovering me, and making confession to me. Of the nature of that fearful confession I am forbidden to speak. Much of it you know; possibly all.

"It now remains for her to free herself from mortal guilt, and to set others free from the consequences thereof. No prayers, no masses, will ever do it, although they may strengthen her with that strength by which alone acts of deepest love and purest self-devotion may be performed. Her words of passion, and cries for revenge—her unholy prayers could never reach the ears of the Holy Saints! Other powers intercepted them, and wrought so that the curses thrown up to Heaven have fallen on her own flesh and blood; and so, through her very strength of love, have bruised and crushed her heart. Henceforward her former self must be buried—yea, buried quick, if need be—but never more to make sign or utter cry on earth! She has become a Poor Clare, in order, if by perpetual penance and constant service of others, she may at length so act as to obtain final absolution and rest for her soul. Until then, the innocent must suffer. It is to plead for the innocent that I come to you; not in the name of the witch, Bridget Fitzgerald, but of the penitent and servant of all men, the Poor Clare, Sister Magdalen."

"Sir," said I, "I listen to your request with respect; only I may tell you it is not needed to urge me to do all that I can on behalf of one, love for whom is part of my very life. If for a time I have absented myself from her, it is to think and work for her redemption. I, a member of the English Church—my uncle a Puritan—pray morning and night for her by name, the congregations of London, on the next Sabbath, will pray for one unknown, that she may be set free from the Powers of Darkness. Moreover, I must tell you, Sir, that those evil ones touch not the great calm of her soul. She lives her own pure and loving life, unharmed and untainted, though all men fall off from her. I would I could have her faith!"

My uncle now spoke.

"Nephew," said he, "it seems to me that this gentleman, although professing what I consider an erroneous creed, has touched upon the right point in exhorting Bridget to acts of love and mercy, whereby to wipe out her sin of hate and vengeance. Let us strive after our fashion, by almsgiving and visiting of the needy and fatherless, to make our prayers acceptable. Meanwhile, I myself will go down into the north, and take charge of the maiden. I am too old to be daunted by man or demon. I will bring her to this house as to a home; and let the Double come, if it will! A company of godly divines shall give it the meeting, and we will try issue."

The kindly, brave old man! But Father Bernard sate on musing.

"All hate," said he, "can not be quenched in her heart; all Christian forgiveness can not have entered into her soul, or the demon would have lost its power. You said, I think, that her grandchild was still tormented?"

"Still tormented!" I replied, sadly, thinking of Mistress Clarke's last letter.

He rose to go. We afterward heard that the occasion of his coming to London was a secret political mission on behalf of the Jacobites. Nevertheless, he was a good and a wise man.

Months and months passed away without any change. Lucy entreated my uncle to leave her where she was, dreading, as I learned, lest if she came, with her fearful companion, to dwell in the same house with me, that my love could not stand the repeated shocks to which I should be doomed. And this she thought from no distrust of the strength of my affection, but from a kind of pitying sympathy for the terror to the nerves which she observed that the demoniac visitations caused in all.

I was restless and miserable. I devoted myself to good works; but I performed them from no spirit of love, but solely from the hope of reward and payment, and so the reward was never granted. At length, I asked my uncle's leave to travel; and I went forth, a wanderer, with no distincter end than that of many another wanderer—to get away from myself. A strange impulse led me to Antwerp, in spite of the wars and commotions then raging in the Low Countries—or rather, perhaps, the very craving to become interested in something external, led me into the thick of the struggle then going on with the Austrians. The cities of Flanders were all full at that time of civil disturbances and rebellions, only kept down by force, and the presence of an Austrian garrison in every place.

I arrived in Antwerp, and made inquiry for Father Bernard. He was away in the country for a day or two. Then I asked my way to the Convent of Poor Clares; but, being healthy and prosperous, I could only see the dim, pent-up, gray walls, shut closely in by narrow streets, in the lowest part of the town. My landlord told me, that had I been stricken by some loathsome disease, or in desperate case of any kind, the Poor Clares would have taken me and tended me. He spoke of them as an order of mercy of the strictest kind, dressing scantily in the coarsest materials, going barefoot, living on what the inhabitants of Antwerp chose to bestow, and sharing even those fragments and crumbs with the poor and helpless that swarmed all around; receiving no letters or communication with the outer world; utterly dead to every thing but the alleviation of suffering. He smiled at my inquiring whether I could get speech of one of them; and told me that they were even forbidden to speak for the purposes of begging their daily food; while yet they lived, and fed others upon what was given in charity.

"But," exclaimed I, "supposing all men forgot them! Would they quietly lie down and die, without making sign of their extremity?"

"If such were their rule, the Poor Clares would willingly do it; but their founder appointed a remedy for such extreme case as you suggest. They have a bell—'tis but a small one, as I have heard, and has never yet been rung in the memory of man; when the Poor Clares have been without food for twenty-four hours, they may ring this bell, and then trust to our good people of Antwerp for rushing to the rescue of the Poor Clares, who have taken such blessed care of us in all our straits."

It seemed to me that such rescue would be rather late in the day; but I did not say what I thought. I rather turned the conversation, by asking my landlord if he knew, or had ever heard any thing of a certain Sister Magdalen?"

"Yes," said he, rather under his breath; "news will creep out, even from a convent of Poor Clares. Sister Magdalen is either a great sinner or a great saint, she does more, as I have heard, than all the other nuns put together; yet, when last month they would fain have made her mother superior, she begged rather that they would place her below all the rest, and make her the meanest servant of all."

"You never saw her?" asked I.

"Never," he replied.

I was weary of waiting for Father Bernard, and yet I lingered in Antwerp. The political state of things became worse than ever, increased to its height by the scarcity of food consequent on many deficient harvests. I saw groups of fierce, squalid men, at every corner of the street, glaring out with wolfish eyes at my sleek skin and handsome clothes.

At last Father Bernard returned. We had a long conversation, in which he told me that, curiously enough, Mr. Gisborne, Lucy's father, was serving in one of the Austrian regiments, then in garrison at Antwerp. I asked Father Bernard if he would make us acquainted; which he consented to do. But, a day or two afterward, he told me that, on hearing my name, Mr. Gisborne had declined responding to any advances on my part, saying he had abjured his country, and hated his countrymen.

Probably he recollected my name in connection with that of his daughter Lucy. Anyhow, it was clear enough that I had no chance of making his acquaintance. Father Bernard confirmed me in my suspicions of the hidden fermentation for some coming evil working among the "blouses" of Antwerp, and he would fain have had me depart from out of the city; but I rather craved the excitement of danger, and stubbornly refused to leave.

One day, when I was walking with him in the Place Verte, he bowed to an Austrian officer, who was crossing toward the cathedral.

"That is Mr. Gisborne," said he, as soon as the gentleman was past.

I turned to look at the tall, slight figure of the officer. He carried himself in a stately manner, although he was past middle age, and from his years might have had some excuse for a slight stoop. As I looked at the man, he turned round, his eyes met mine, and I saw his face. Deeply lined, sallow, and scathed was that countenance; scarred by passion as well as by the fortunes of war. 'Twas but for a moment our eyes met. We each turned round, and went on our separate way.

But his whole appearance was not one to be easily forgotten; the thorough appointment of the dress, and evident thought bestowed on it, made but an incongruous whole with the dark, gloomy expression of his countenance. Because he was Lucy's father, I sought instinctively to meet him every where. At last he must have become aware of my pertinacity, for he gave me a haughty scowl whenever I passed him. In one of these encounters, however, I chanced to be of some service to him. He was turning the corner of a street, and came suddenly on one of the groups of discontented Flemings of whom I have spoken. Some words were exchanged, when my gentleman out with his sword, and with a slight but skillful cut he drew blood from one of those who had insulted him, as he fancied, though I was too far off to hear the words. They would all have fallen upon him had I not rushed forward and raised the cry, then well known in Antwerp, of rally, to the Austrian soldiers who were perpetually patrolling the streets, and who came in numbers to the rescue. I think that neither Mr. Gisborne nor the mutinous group of plebeians owed me much gratitude for my interference. He had planted himself against a wall, in a skillful attitude of fence, ready with his bright, glancing rapier to do battle with all the heavy, fierce, unarmed men, some six or seven in number. But when his own soldiers came up, he sheathed his sword; and, giving some careless word of command, sent them away again, and continued his saunter all alone down the street, the workmen snarling in his rear, and more than half-inclined to fall on me for my cry for rescue. I cared not if they did, my life seemed so dreary a burden just then; and perhaps it was this daring loitering among them that prevented their attacking me. Instead, they suffered me to fall into conversation with them; and I heard some of their grievances. Sore and heavy to be borne were they, and no wonder the sufferers were savage and desperate.

The man whom Gisborne had wounded across his face would fain have got out of me the name of his aggressor, but I refused to tell it. Another of the group heard his inquiry, and made answer:

"I know the man. He is one Gisborne, aid-de-camp to the General-Commandant. I know him well."

He began to tell some story in connection with Gisborne in a low and muttering voice; and while he was relating a tale, which I saw excited their evil blood, and which they evidently wished me not to hear, I sauntered away and back to my lodgings.

That night Antwerp was in open revolt. The inhabitants rose in rebellion against their Austrian masters. The Austrians, holding the gates of the city, remained at first pretty quiet in the citadel; only from time to time the boom of a great cannon swept sullenly over the town. But, if they expected the disturbance to die away, and spend itself in a few hours' fury, they were mistaken. In a day or two the rioters held possession of the principal municipal buildings. Then the Austrians poured forth in bright flaming array, calm and smiling as they marched to the posts assigned, as if the fierce mob were no more to them than the swarms of buzzing summer flies. Their practiced manœuvres, their well-aimed shot told with terrible effect; but in the place of one slain rioter, three sprang up of his blood to avenge his loss. But a deadly foe, a ghastly ally of the Austrians, was at work. Food, scarce and dear for months, was now hardly to be obtained at any price. Desperate efforts were being made to bring provisions into the city, for the rioters had friends without. Close to the city port nearest to the Scheldt a great struggle took place. I was there, helping the rioters, whose cause I had adopted. We had a savage encounter with the Austrians. Numbers fell on both sides; I saw them lie bleeding for a moment, then a volley of smoke obscured them, and when it cleared away they were dead—trampled upon or smothered, pressed down and hidden by the freshly-wounded whom those last guns had brought low. And then a gray-robed and gray-vailed figure came right across the flashing guns, and stooped over some one, whose life-blood was ebbing away; sometimes it was to give him drink from cans which they carried slung at their sides, sometimes I saw the cross held above a dying man, and rapid prayers were being uttered, unheard by men in that hellish din and clangor but listened to by One above. I saw all this as in a dream; the reality of that stern time was battle and carnage. But I knew that these gray figures, their bare feet all wet with blood, and their faces hidden by their vails, were the Poor Clares—sent forth now because dire agony was abroad and imminent danger at hand. Therefore they left their cloistered shelter, and came into that thick and evil *mêlée*.

Close to me—driven past me by the struggle of many fighters—came the Antwerp burgess with the scarce-healed scar upon his face; and in an instant more he was thrown by the press upon the Austrian officer Gisborne, and ere either had recovered the shock the burgess had recognized his opponent.

"Ha! the Englishman Gisborne!" he cried, and threw himself upon him with redoubled fury. He had struck him hard—the Englishman was down; when out of the smoke came a dark-gray figure, and threw herself right under the uplifted flashing sword. The burgess's arm stood arrested. Neither Austrians nor Anversois willingly harmed the Poor Clares.

"Leave him to me!" said a low, stern voice. "He is mine enemy—mine for many years."

Those words were the last I heard. I myself was struck down by a bullet. I remember nothing more for days. When I came to myself, I was at the extremity of weakness, and was craving for food to recruit my strength. My landlord sate watching me. He, too, looked pinched and shrunken; he had heard of my wounded state, and sought me out. Yes! the struggle still continued, but the famine was sore; and some, he had heard, had died for lack of food. The tears stood in his eyes as he spoke. But soon he shook off his weakness, and his natural cheerfulness returned. Father Bernard had been to see me—no one else. (Who should, indeed?) Father Bernard would come back that afternoon—he had promised. But Father Bernard never came, although I was up and dressed and looking eagerly for him.

My landlord brought me a meal which he had cooked himself: of what it was composed he would not say, but it was most excellent, and with every mouthful I seemed to gain strength. The good man sat looking at my evident enjoyment with a happy smile of sympathy; but, as my appetite became satisfied, I began to detect a certain wistfulness in his eyes, as if craving for the food I had so nearly devoured—for indeed at that time I was hardly aware of the extent of the famine. Suddenly there was a sound of many rushing feet past our window. My landlord opened one of the sides of it, the better to learn what was going on. Then we heard a faint, cracked, tinkling bell coming shrill upon the air, clear and distinct from all other sounds. "Holy Mother!" exclaimed my landlord, "the Poor Clares!"

He snatched up the fragments of my meal and crammed them into my hands, bidding me follow. Down stairs he ran, clutching at more food, as the women of his house eagerly held it out to him; and in a moment we were in the street, moving along with the great current, all tending toward the Convent of the Poor Clares. And still, as if piercing our ears with its inarticulate cry, came the shrill tinkle of the bell. In that strange crowd were old men trembling and sobbing as they carried their little pittance of food; women with the tears running down their cheeks, who had snatched up what provisions they had in the vessels in which they stood, so that the burden of these was in many cases much greater than that which they contained; children with flushed faces, grasping tight the morsel of bitten cake or bread, in their eagerness to carry it safe to the help of the Poor Clares; strong men—yea, both Anversois and Austrians—pressing onward with set teeth, and no word spoken; and over all, and through all, came that sharp tinkle—that cry for help in extremity.

We met the first torrent of people returning with blanched and piteous faces: they were issuing out of the convent to make way for the offerings of others. "Haste, haste!" said they. "A Poor Clare is dying! A Poor Clare is dead for hunger! God forgive us, and our city!"

We pressed on. The stream bore us along where it would. We were carried through refectories, bare and crumbless; into cells over whose doors the conventual name of the occupant was written. Thus it was that I, with others, were forced into Sister Magdalen's cell. On her couch lay Gisborne, pale unto death, but not dead. By his side was a cup of water and a small morsel of mouldy bread, which he had pushed out of his reach, and could not move to obtain. Over against his bed were these words, copied in the English version: "Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

Some of us gave him of our food, and left him eating greedily, like some famished wild animal. For now it was no longer the sharp tinkle, but that one solemn toll, which, in all Christian countries, tells of the passing of the spirit out of earthly life into eternity; and again a murmur gathered and grew, as of many people speaking with awed breath, "A Poor Clare is dying! a Poor Clare is dead!"

Borne along once more by the motion of the crowd, we were carried into the chapel belonging to the Poor Clares. On a bier before the high altar lay a woman—lay Sister Magdalen—lay Bridget Fitzgerald. By her side stood Father Bernard, in his robes of office, and holding the crucifix on high while he pronounced the solemn absolution of the Church, as to one who had newly confessed herself of deadly sin. I pushed on with passionate force till I stood close to the dying woman, as she received extreme unction amid the breathless and awed hush of the multitude around. Her eyes were glazing, her limbs were stiffening; but when the rite was over and finished, she raised her gaunt figure slowly up, and her eyes brightened to a strange intensity of joy, as, with the gesture of her finger and the trance-like gleam of her eye, she seemed like one who watched the disappearance of some loathed and fearful creature.

"She is freed from the curse," said she, as she fell back dead.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

N.B.—All communications for this department of *Harper's Weekly* should be marked "Notes and Queries," in addition to the usual address.

We have to acknowledge the favors of several correspondents, which we shall make use of as rapidly as our limited space will allow, and request a continuance of their good offices.

UNPUBLISHED POEM BY ROGERS.—"The first time Lord Byron called at Melbourne House, he came with Moore and Rogers. My child, a beautiful boy of three years old, fell asleep on his knee, and he sat for two hours fearful of awakening him. In the very spirit of prophecy, Rogers wrote on that occasion the following lines:

To an Infant Sleeping in a Poet's Arms.

Oh! wake thee, cherub! sleep not there,
  Where passions' throes the soul deform;
So rests the seraph of the air
  Upon the cloud that veils the storm.

Oh! wake thee, dearest! for the heave
  Of that proud heart is fraught with care,
Those arms that fold thee—to deceive,
  For there's a slumbering serpent there—

A serpent that will shortly wake,
  And o'er each flow'r of bliss be twined;
From hope her dream of rapture take,
  And blight the Eden of the mind.

Then wake thee, boy! for even now
  The poison works with subtle art;
Prepared with many a traitor vow
  To break thy doting mother's heart."

LADY C. LAMB'S *Autograph Journal* (unpub.)

ALMANACS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—In the Middle Ages calendars were all constructed by the monks. Immediately after the invention of printing, calendars for single years were never published. The majority of people needing them could not afford the price of a book that was to be renewed at a fresh outlay every year. The first printed calendars were therefore almanacs for several successive years, and gave much of what was then considered valuable information frequently in rhyme. Thus the first printed almanac which has come down to us, published at Augsburg in the year 1491, is wholly rhymed, and tells in rhymes, even upon its title-page, how it is formed to describe the months as they are made by Nature, and the influence of the stars; to give instruction as to meat and drink; on physicing, bathing, and the management of health; to teach how a child should be educated; also how the plague is to be escaped, etc. It is a curious evidence of the little depth that popular education has reached in England, that the great and wealthy Corporation of the Stationers' Company should continue to publish and sell every year some hundred thousand copies of "Moore's Almanac," the chief attraction of which consists in its astrological predictions and hieroglyphics, savoring more of the spirit of the fifteenth century than of the nineteenth. We believe the experiment was once tried of replacing this stuff with more useful matter; but the falling off in the sale showed the attachment of the people for it so decidedly that Mars, Saturn, etc., are again in the ascendant—proving that *enlightenment* is one thing, and a *profitable monopoly* another.

GOOD NEWS FOR LITERATURE.—"Many a literary home has been made brighter this Christmas time by the noble sympathy of John Kenyon the poet, whose death was recently announced. The poet was rich as he was genial; scarcely a man or woman distinguished in the world of letters, with whom he was familiar, has passed unremembered in his will; and some poets and children of poets are endowed with a princely munificence. Among those who have shared most liberally in this harvest of good-will, we are happy to hear that Mr. and

Mrs. Browning receive £10,000, Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) £6000, and Dr. Southey a very handsome sum, we think £8000. We hear that there are about eighty legatees, many of them the old literary friends of the deceased poet." Mrs. Browning's numerous admirers in this country will be pleased to hear of this good fortune, and will remember that her new poem "Aurora Leigh" is dedicated to her friend and cousin John Kenyon, whose death has followed so shortly. He was a man of elegant tastes and acquirements, and many of his fugitive pieces, showing great poetical feeling, are scattered in English magazines and annuals. We believe he published only one volume, entitled "A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance." This we never remember to have seen. The noble uses made of his property will preserve his name among those who possess the power of giving immortality, longer, perhaps, than that of many a conqueror.

MATHEMATICAL SAILORS.—Nathaniel Bowditch, the translator of La Place's Mecanique Celeste, was bred to the sea, and in his early voyages taught navigation to the common sailors about him. Captain Prince, with whom he first sailed, relates that one day the supercargo of the vessel said to him, "Come, Captain, let us go forward, and hear what the sailors are talking about, under the lee of the long-boat." They went forward accordingly, and the Captain was surprised to find the sailors, instead of spinning their long yarns, earnestly engaged with book, slate, and pencil, discussing the high matter of tangents and secants; altitudes, dip, and refraction. Two of them, in particular, were very zealously disputing, one of them calling out to the other, "Well, Jack, what have you got?" "I've got the *sine*," was the answer. "But that ain't right," said the other. "*I* say, it is the *cosine*."

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, IN 1729.—If good Bishop Berkeley, to whom was given (according to Pope) "every virtue under heaven," could see the fashionable resort of the day which Newport has now become, he would scarcely recognize the quiet little town he so pleasantly describes to a friend in Ireland:

"I can, by this time, say something to you from my own experience of this place and people. This island is pleasantly laid out in hills, and vales, and rising grounds; hath plenty of excellent springs and fine rivulets, and many delightful landscapes of rocks, and promontories, and adjacent lands. The town of Newport contains about six thousand souls, and is the most thriving, flourishing place in all America for its bigness. It is very prettily and pleasantly situated. I was never more agreeably surprised than at the first sight of the town and its harbour. The inhabitants are of a mixed kind, consisting of many sects and subdivisions of sects. Here are four sorts of Anabaptists, besides Presbyterians, Quakers, Independents, and many of no profession at all. Notwithstanding so many differences, here are fewer quarrels about religion than elsewhere, the people living peaceably with their neighbours of whatsoever persuasion. They all agree in one point, that the Church of England is *second* best. The climate is like that of Italy, and not at all colder in the winter than I have known it everywhere north of Rome."—*Letter to* THOMAS PRIOR, *April* 24, 1729.

The Bishop's house was built in a valley, a little to the south of which was a natural alcove, formed among the hanging rocks, which became his favorite place of study; and here he is said to have written the famous lines "Westward the course of empire takes its way," etc. Perhaps some of our readers at Newport can tell us whether the local remembrance of this spot is preserved.

TRANSMUTATION OF KNOWLEDGE.—In 1851, the stereotype plates of that valuable work, the Encyclopædia Metropolitana (weighing about ten tons), were sold to close the estates of some of the proprietors. They met with a purchaser in the eminent printers, Messrs. Clowes, by whom they were bought with the intention of melting them up, for the purpose of forming type to print the Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of Industry in that year. The Encyclopædia Metropolitana will therefore, no doubt, become in time a scarce book, as it can never be reproduced, though we see some of the detached portions are revived in a more convenient form. The work was commenced under the highest auspices, and its ultimate fate, as noticed here, is a curious instance of the vicissitudes of literature.

"THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN."—Sir John Malcolm, the famous Indian general, embassador, and governor, was a striking instance of the self-made man, of whom the Scottish peasantry furnish so many examples. He was the son of an "unlucky" farmer in Dumfries-shire, rich in nothing but children, as appears by the goodly number of his brothers and sisters, *nine* of one and *seven* of the other. When at school, this future Governor of Bombay was noted for taking the lead in all boyish mischief, so that Archibald Graham, the Westerkirk schoolmaster used to say, whenever any mischievous trick was played, "Jock's at the bottom of it." In after years, when Sir John published his History of Persia (in two splendid quarto volumes), he sent a copy to the Dominie, with "Jock's at the bottom of it" inscribed on the fly-leaf. At twelve years of age, his father's landlord procured him a cadetship in the East India Company's service. When taken to the India House for examination, his extreme youth rendered it probable that he would be rejected; but a prompt answer carried him through the ordeal. One of the directors noticing his childish appearance, said to him, "Why, my little man, what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do, Sir!" said the young aspirant, "I would out with my sword and cut off his head!" "You will do," was the rejoinder: "let him pass;" and his first commission in the army was actually dated from the time when he was in his twelfth year. Sir John's Letters and Journals have just been published in England, and form a delightful biographical picture of a man of talent and action, equal to great emergencies—one of the class to whom Britain owes her Oriental Empire.

PAPER.—Paper made from cotton is said to have been known in Greece so early as the ninth century, although the Egyptian papyrus continued to be used, together with parchment, long after. Macpherson, in his Annals of Commerce, mentions a specimen of linen-rag paper in the year 1243, but others date the invention from the beginning of the fourteenth century. The first paper-mill in England was established at Dartford by a German, jeweler to Queen Elizabeth, in 1588. White paper was manufactured in 1690. In 1800, the expedient was first resorted to of discharging the ink from what had been used and remanufacturing it. The blue tinge, now so commonly given to paper, owes its introduction to an accident. The wife of a small manufacturer in one of the English midland counties, one washing-day, let her "blue bag" fall in the paper vat. Her fears of having spoiled the *batch*—or whatever the technical term may be—were not dispelled till the return of her husband from the market-town with the present of a scarlet cloth cloak, which he had bought her on account of the increased price his blue paper commanded. The fashion soon spread, and became permanent.

ANTIQUITIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.—A newly discovered and most interesting group of ruins has just been added to the existing stock of our acquaintance with the monuments of aboriginal civilization on this Continent. They comprise the remains of the very ancient city, called Cinaca Mecallo, situated on an extensive plateau or tableland of the mountain range, which is washed by the large River Paz, or Paza, the boundary between Guatemala and San Salvador. The remains consist of the city walls, "built so strongly as to defy the operations of the elements." Temples, partly excavated and partly constructed, *with arched entrances*; curious subterranean passages; inscribed hieroglyphic slabs; and historical bas reliefs, etc. Their existence is made known by a letter of the Padre Urfutia, curé of the parish, to Mr. Squier, which has just been published in the *London Athenæum*. By both these gentlemen these remains are attributed to a kindred stock with the Quiches and Mayas—that race which reached the highest development in the arts, and approached nearest to a written language of all the American families, and which seems to have ranked above them all in civilization.

CASTA DIVA.

"HEIGH HO!" sighs Mr. Patron, "what a forlorn thing it is to live alone!" and he drew his easy chair close to the fire and ensconced himself therein, wrapping his tricolored dressing-gown about him. "I wish I were married! I know a lady—boards in this same house, too—and I believe she'd have me, if I were to ask her. I mean the pretty music-teacher. She is young, delicate, and amiable; only there seems to be something melancholy about her, as though she had known sorrow; besides, she is a widow. I like her though, and I believe she likes me. I'll think this over. I have plenty of money, and nobody to spend it upon. Yes, I think I will ask pretty Madame Victor to marry me."

Rap, tap, tap!

"Come in!—who's there?"

"Please, Sir, it's your clean clothes."

"Clean clothes! and pray who are you, you little cherub, and where do you come from?"

"I am Lauretta, Sir; and I live with Bridget, who washes your clothes, and she sent me with the basket to-night."

"Yes, I should think she had, you little duckling; and the basket is bigger than yourself! Come and sit down in this chair by the fire and warm your toes—there, now! I want to talk with you. Are you Bridget's child?"

"Oh no, Sir;" and a look of care passes over the little face.

"No, I thought not. Washerwomen's children don't have such eyes nor such broad foreheads, nor such soft hair. Well, birdie, how came you with Bridget? Have you no parents?"

"I don't know. I only dream I have. Bridget lets me stay with her because I can sing."

"Sing! and what has that to do with it?"

"Oh, Sir, I sing my songs in the great houses and they give me sixpences, and I take them to Bridget."

"Aha! you pay your board, then? Well, little Lauretta, will you sing for me now?"

"Yes, indeed;" and the little one stands up in the middle of the rug, and, opening her rose-bud mouth, she sings *Casta Diva!*

"Bless my stars, what a voice! I know something of music myself; at least enough to know that such a voice should be a fortune to the one who possesses it. Little one, where did you learn that?"

"Nurse taught me."

"Nurse? Who is Nurse?"

"Nurse is dead." The dark eyes fill with tears, and the ruby lips are quivering.

Mr. Patron walks up and down the room. His curiosity is excited as well as his pity.

"Please, Sir, shall I have my basket? Bridget will scold if I stay so long."

"No, little one, I will carry the basket; I am going home with you."

"It's up five flights of stairs, Sir, and there is no light in the passage—"

"All the more reason I should go with you. Now I am ready. Come, my little singer, you and I will be better acquainted before long. Don't fall down these stone steps; keep hold of my hand: here we are, in Broadway. Now where do we turn? down Prince Street, hey? and now down Crosby. What! do you live in this alley? Oh never fear, little *Casta Diva*, I shall tread safely enough while this little hand leads me. Ugh! how many more flights are there?—only two? Well, well, I can climb them if you can. So, is this the door?"

"Och, and is it you, Sir, that would be after coming to see a poor woman at this hour? Will you be seated, Sir?" said Bridget, wiping a wooden chair with her apron. "Your shirts were not ironed to be suiting ye, maybe?"

"Shirts all right, Bridget. I came to bring home your little girl, and to ask you something about her. She has been singing to me. Will you tell me where she came from?"

"Ye taks a deal o' trouble for a lone bit of a childer, indeed, Sir; but her story is not so vara long. She lived with a furrin woman, in the room below, named Theresa. The woman said she was waiting-maid in Lauretta's family, in Italy somewhere, and while she was out with the child, then only two years old, for the sake of the air, there came a big row in the city, and the child's father was in the middle of it, and got kilt; and when she reached the house, all in a fright, sure it was all on fire, and the mother of it gone, and niver was she able to find her at all. So she kept the child and comes to America with it; for she heard tell how the streets here were paved with gold; and when she came and found nary gold nor food but for the warking, she had to go to work as all we poor creathers do; and she took in washing in the one room down stairs; but niver a bit would she let this child do for itself, but waited on it like a slave, and only taught it to sing '*as it's mother did before it*,' she said; and last year Theresa died. This poor little creather took on so bad that I took her mesilf, only I'll be bringing her up different intirely; I'll tache her to earn her bread at any rate; and so I sends her out ivery day to sing to the great folks, and makes her help me to carry round the clothes; and that is all, Sir."

"It was very good in you, Bridget, to take the little orphan. You have saved her from a sad fate. You will be rewarded, you may depend."

Bridget raised her eyebrows and dropped a courtesy, while little "*Casta Diva*," as Mr. Patron then and ever since has called her, hid her face in the bed, and sobbed to hear her own story related. The kind gentleman looked at her tenderly, and then continued:

"I have a plan for this poor child, which will at once relieve you of your charge and repay you for your goodness of heart. Good-night, little one; I'll come to-morrow. Dry your tears, for I will yet make you happy. Here, Bridget, is some money for you, and be sure you do not send her out to sing again. I have something better for her to do."

Bridget dropped another courtesy, and her mouth opened wide, for she was all mystified and bewildered.

An hour later and Mr. Patron is again seated in his easy chair before his bright coal-fire, with his dressing-gown once more folded around him. The only difference is that he smiles instead of sighing as he did before.

"Ah yes," he says, "I see my way clear. I can now, without hesitation, call upon Madame Victor in her room, to interest her about my little Casta Diva. I will tell her the story, and engage her to cultivate the voice of my little protegé. I will see her to-morrow morning, and perhaps she will accompany me to Bridget's lodging. Not a very romantic walk to invite the lady of my heart to share, but then the circumstances are peculiar.

"Now I think of it, I must engage of my landlady the little bedroom next mine. I am determined to adopt that singing cherub for my own. I will change her name to Casta Diva Patron. It sounds musical, and she is music itself. If sweet Madame Victor only sees in her what I do, we shall be an amazingly happy family. I declare, I feel like a husband and father already. I shall find enough to do with my money after all."

And so he goes to bed and dreams of his future joys till he fairly laughs aloud in his sleep.

Now it is morning; and if you will put your head out of your door, you can see him going along the hall. He stops at No. 6—knocks gently; but the rich toned piano, touched by a thrilling hand, does not allow so love-like a tap to be heard. This time he knocks louder; the music stops, and the door is opened by a beautiful woman who smilingly invites him to enter. Well, I don't wonder he fell in love with her! They have closed the door. Let's you and I go peep in at the key-hole, and hear what they say; I'll never tell—will you? Hark! Well, after all, I can't tell what they said now, because I promised I wouldn't; but Mr. Patron has staid in there a great while, and he didn't ask her to play or sing once all the time.

Now the door opens again, and they come out together; he in his overcoat and hat, she in her cloak and velvet bonnet. He looks very much excited, and she looks pale, and trembles so she can scarcely speak. She takes his offered arm and goes down stairs and out the street door. I do believe they are going to Bridget's.

And so they were.

Good Mr. Patron walks slowly with the sweet lady, for she has every reason to tremble; she believes she is Lauretta's mamma; for she has been telling her friend how her husband was killed in a mob one dreadful day because he was a great politician, and when they burned his house they took her and threw her into prison, where she remained a whole year, and only made her escape when, during terrible troubles in Italy, the prison doors were unbarred to all.

She had sought frantically for her child, but in vain; and believing that both Lauretta and her nurse were crushed in the same mob that killed her husband, she came to America to try to earn a livelihood among hospitable strangers by her fine musical education and uncommon voice.

Madame Victor believes that Lauretta is her child, because their two stories are so strangely alike. Five years have passed since she left Italy; but she knows her eyes will not deceive her. Her baby's features are indelibly engraved upon her heart.

Her kind friend supports her up the five flights of stairs, and then she stops to take breath and to nerve herself for either intense happiness or heavy disappointment.

They are about to enter the room when a little voice greets her ear singing, with wonderful power and expression, an Italian melody which the lady herself used to sing in her own sunny land. She stops and grasps the arm of her friend.

"Oh wait," she whispers; "let me try;" and, with a great effort, she continues and completes the unfinished strain in a voice that an angel's might not exceed.

He opens the door.

Lauretta stands in the centre of the room, alone, pale, and agitated; her great eyes dilated with emotion long repressed. Her mother's voice has reached a spot in her little heart which vibrates on her memory like a glimpse of heaven.

Madame Victor sinks upon a chair, and gazes long and earnestly upon the little motionless figure; then she stretches out her arms and whispers, "Come here."

Lauretta slowly advances; and when she is close to the beautiful lady, she nestles her head upon her bosom and draws a long, deep sigh.

"Tell me your whole name, sweet one."

"Lauretta Victor."

The lady presses the little form still closer.

"Darling, I am your mother!"

"I know it," sighs the child.

"You *know* it, my angel?"

"Yes; I have seen you in my dreams, and always called you 'mother,' and when you sang just now it brought it *all back*."

Good Mr. Patron went to the window and wiped his eyes.

* * * * * *

Once again we see him sitting in his easy chair before the bright coal-fire. By his side sits a beautful lady: one hand lies in his, and the other is tenderly stroking his hair; but her eyes are resting upon a little fairy who sits at the piano silently dreaming over some of Handel's music which her "papa" has brought home to her.

The lady is his wife.

The fairy is his "Casta Diva."

MAY'S PRAYER.

MAY'S mamma is like the white lily in the garden—tall, graceful, and delicate; and a soft, sweet perfume seems to float about her as she moves. She looks as you would suppose an angel might appear, with her large, heavenly blue eyes and her soft, silky hair.

She is always dressed in white; and you seldom see her, except reclining in the large easy chair, which stands near the western window, where she can see the gorgeous sunsets between the mountains.

Her soft, white hands are generally employed over some light work, but now they are twining May's golden curls, and she is wondering who will love her little girl and comfort her when *she is gone*.

Dear little May! She does not know that her mamma is ill, and going to die; she only thinks that she is very frail and delicate, and that she must be as careful of her as she is of her flowers.

The sun has just set, and the "lily mamma" says, "Now kiss me, my pet, and go to bed. Be sure you come back to me in the morning."

May looks wistfully at her. "May I say one prayer before I leave you?"

"Yes, darling."

May sinks upon her knees, and raising her sweet eyes to heaven, says,

"O GOD! please bless my dear mamma. *Let the winds blow softly at her, and never let any thing hard come against her!*"

Now she rises and winds her little arms round the object of her prayer, and the mamma holds her close while she breathes a silent petition that the Great Spirit will care for her child when she can no longer watch over her.

Little May goes to bed happy; and when she wakes in the morning, she runs to her mamma's room. The easy chair is vacant. A still, white form lies upon the bed, and mourners are weeping over it.

Poor little May!

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE FIRST. THE TWENTY-THIRD OF AUGUST, 1829.

"Will she last out the night, I wonder?"

"Look at the clock, Joseph."

"Ten minutes past twelve! She *has* lasted the night out. She has lived, Robert, to see ten minutes of the new day."

These words were spoken in the kitchen of a large country-house situated on the west coast of Cornwall. The speakers were two of the men-servants composing the establishment of Captain Treverton, an officer in the navy, and the eldest male representative of an old Cornish family. Both the servants communicated with each other restrainedly, in whispers—sitting close together, and looking round expectantly toward the door whenever the talk flagged between them.

"It's an awful thing," said the elder of the men, "for us two to be alone here, at this dead, dark time, counting out the minutes that our mistress has left to live!"

"Robert," said the other, lowering his voice to a whisper that was barely audible, "You have been in service here since you were a boy—did you ever hear that our mistress was a play-actress when our master married her?"

"How came you to know that?" inquired the elder servant, sharply.

"Hush!" cried the other, rising quickly from his chair.

A bell rang in the passage outside.

"Is that for one of us?" asked Joseph.

"Can't you tell, by the sound, which is which of those bells yet?" exclaimed Robert, contemptuously. "That bell is for Sarah Leeson. Go out into the passage and look."

The younger servant took a candle and obeyed. When he opened the kitchen-door, a long row of bells met his eye on the wall opposite. Above each of them was painted in neat black letters the distinguishing title of the servant whom it was specially entitled to summon. The row of letters began with Housekeeper and Butler, and ended with Kitchenmaid and Footman's Boy.

Looking along the bells, Joseph easily discovered that one of them was still in motion. Above it were the words, Lady's Maid. Observing this, he passed quickly along the passage, and knocked at a large, old-fashioned oak door at the end of it. No answer being given, he opened the door and looked into the room. It was dark and empty.

"Sarah is not in the housekeeper's room," said Joseph, returning to his fellow-servant in the kitchen.

"She is gone to her own room, then," rejoined the other. "Go up and tell her that she is wanted by her mistress."

The bell rang again as Joseph went out.

"Quick!—quick!" cried Robert. "Tell her she is wanted directly. Wanted," he continued to himself in lower tones, "perhaps for the last time!"

Joseph ascended three flights of stairs—passed half-way down a long arched gallery—and knocked at another old-fashioned oak door. This time the signal was answered. A low, clear, sweet voice inside the room, inquired who was waiting without? In a few hasty words Joseph told his errand. Before he had done speaking, the door was quietly and quickly opened, and Sarah Leeson confronted him on the threshold, with her candle in her hand.

Not tall, not handsome, not in her first youth—shy and irresolute in manner—simple in dress to the utmost limits of plainness, the lady's maid, in spite of all these disadvantages, was a woman whom it was impossible to look at without a feeling of curiosity, if not of interest. Few men, at first sight of her, could have resisted the desire to find out who she was; few would have been satisfied with receiving for answer: She is Mrs. Treverton's maid; few would have refrained from the attempt to extract some secret information for themselves from her face and manner: and none, not even the most patient and practiced of observers, could have succeeded in discovering more than that she must have passed through the ordeal of some great suffering, at some former period of her life. Much in her manner, and more in her face, said plainly and sadly: I am the wreck of something that you might once have liked to see; a wreck that can never be repaired—that must drift on through life unnoticed, unguided, unpitied—drift till the fatal shore is touched, and the waves of Time have swallowed up these broken relics of me forever. This was the story that was told in Sarah Leeson's face—this, and no more.

No two men interpreting that story for themselves, would probably have agreed on the nature of the suffering which this woman had undergone. It was hard to say, at the outset, whether the past pain that had set its ineffaceable mark on her, had been pain of the body or pain of the mind. But whatever the nature of the affliction she had undergone, the traces it had left were deeply and strikingly visible in every part of her face. Her cheeks had lost their roundness and their natural color; her lips, singularly flexible in movement and delicate in form, had faded to an unhealthy paleness; her eyes, large and black and overshadowed by unusually thick lashes, had contracted a strangely anxious, startled look, which never left them, and which piteously expressed the painful acuteness of her sensibility, the inherent timidity of her disposition. So far, the marks which sorrow or sickness had set on her, were the marks common to most victims of mental or physical suffering. The one extraordinary personal deterioration which she had undergone, consisted in the unnatural change that had passed over the color of her hair. It was as thick and soft, it grew as gracefully, as the hair of a young girl; but it was as gray as the hair of an old woman. It seemed to contradict, in the most startling manner, every personal assertion of youth that still existed in her face. With all its haggardness and paleness, no one could have looked at it and supposed for a moment that it was the face of an elderly woman. Wan as they might be, there was not a wrinkle in her cheeks. Her eyes, viewed apart from their sad prevailing expression of uneasiness and timidity, still preserved that bright, clear moisture which is never seen in the eyes of the old. The skin about her temples was as delicately smooth as the skin of a child. These and other physical signs which never mislead, showed that she was still, as to years, in the very prime of her life. Sickly and sorrow-stricken as she was, she looked, from the eyes downward, a woman who had barely reached thirty years of age. From the eyes upward, the effect of her abundant gray hair, seen in connection with her face, was not simply incongruous—it was absolutely startling; so startling as to make it no paradox to say that she would have looked most natural, most like herself, if her hair had been dyed. In her case, Art would have seemed to be the truth, because Nature looked like falsehood. What shock had stricken her hair, in the very maturity of its luxuriance, with the hue of an unnatural old age? Was it a serious illness, or a dreadful grief, that had turned her gray in the prime of her womanhood? That question had often been agitated among her fellow-servants, who were all struck by the peculiarities of her personal appearance, and rendered a little suspicious of her, as well, by an inveterate habit that she had of talking to herself. Inquire as they might, however, their curiosity was always baffled. Nothing more could be discovered than that Sarah Leeson was, in the common phrase, touchy on the subject of her gray hair and her habit of talking to herself, and that Sarah Leeson's mistress had long since forbidden every one, from her husband downward, to ruffle her maid's tranquillity by inquisitive questions.

She stood for an instant speechless, on that momentous morning of the twenty-third of August, before the servant who summoned her to her mistress's death-bed; the light of the candle flaring brightly over her large, startled, black eyes, and the luxuriant, unnatural, gray hair above them. She stood a moment silent—her hand trembling while she held the candlestick, so that the extinguisher lying loose in it rattled incessantly—then thanked the servant for calling her. The trouble and fear in her voice, as she spoke, seemed to add to its accustomed sweetness; the agitation of her manner took nothing away from its habitual gentleness, its delicate, winning, feminine restraint. Joseph, who, like the other servants, secretly distrusted and disliked her for differing from the ordinary pattern (within his experience) of professed ladies' maids, was, on this particular occasion, so subdued by her manner and her tone as she thanked him that he offered to carry her candle for her to the door of her mistress's bed-chamber. She shook her head and thanked him again, then passed before him quickly on her way out of the gallery.

The room in which Mrs. Treverton lay dying was on the floor beneath. Sarah hesitated twice before she knocked at the door. It was opened by Captain Treverton.

The instant she saw her master, she started back from him. If she had dreaded a blow, she could hardly have drawn away more suddenly, or with an expression of greater alarm. There was nothing in Captain Treverton's face to warrant the suspicion of ill-treatment, or even of harsh words. His countenance was kind, hearty, and open; and the tears were still trickling down it, which he had shed by his wife's bed-side.

"Go in," he said, turning away his face. "She does not wish the nurse to attend; she only wishes for you. Call me, if the doctor—" His voice faltered, and he hurried away without attempting to finish the sentence.

Sarah Leeson, instead of entering her mistress's room, stood looking after her master attentively, as long as he was in sight, with her pale cheeks turned to a deathly whiteness, with an eager, doubting, questioning terror in her eyes. When he had disappeared round the corner of the gallery, she listened for a moment outside the door of the sick-room—whispered affrightedly to herself, "Can she have told him?" then opened the door, with a visible effort to recover her self-control; and, after lingering suspiciously on the threshold for a moment, went in.

Mrs. Treverton's bed-chamber was a large, lofty room, situated in the western front of the house, and consequently overlooking the sea-view. The night-light burning by the bed-side, displayed rather than dispelled the darkness in the corners of the room. The bed was of the old-fashioned pattern, with heavy hangings and thick curtains drawn all round it. Of the other objects in the chamber, only those of the largest and most solid kind were prominent enough to be tolerably visible in the dim light. The cabinets, the wardrobe, the full-length looking-glass, the high-backed arm-chair, these, with the great shapeless bulk of the bed itself, towered up heavily and gloomily into view. Other objects were all merged together in the general obscurity. Through the open window—opened to admit the fresh air of the new morning after the sultriness of the August night—there poured monotonously into the room, the dull, still, distant roaring of the surf on the sandy coast. All outer noises were hushed at that first dark hour of the new day. Inside the room, the one audible sound was the slow, toilsome breathing of the dying woman, raising itself in its mortal frailness, awfully and distinctly, even through the far thunder-breathing from the bosom of the everlasting sea.

"Mistress," said Sarah Leeson, standing close to the curtains, but not undrawing them. "My master has left the room, and has sent me here in his place."

"Light!—give me more light." The feebleness of mortal sickness was in the voice; but the accent of the speaker sounded resolute even yet—doubly resolute by contrast with the hesitation of the tones in which Sarah had spoken. The strong nature of the mistress and the weak nature of the maid came out, even in that short interchange of words, spoken through the curtain of a death-bed.

Sarah lit two candles with a wavering hand—placed them hesitatingly on a table by the bed-side—waited for a moment, looking all round her with a kind of suspicious timidity—then undrew the curtains.

The disease of which Mrs. Treverton was dying, was one of the most terrible of all the maladies that afflict humanity—one to which women are especially subject—and one which undermines life, without, in most cases, showing any remarkable traces of its corroding progress in the face. No uninstructed person, looking at Mrs. Treverton when her attendant undrew the bed-curtain, could possibly have imagined that she was past all rescue that mortal skill could offer to her. The slight marks of illness in her face, the inevitable changes in the grace and roundness of its outline, were rendered hardly noticeable by the marvelous preservation of her complexion in all the light; the delicacy, the brilliancy of its first girlish beauty. There lay her face on the pillow—tenderly framed in by the rich lace of her cap: softly crowned by her shining brown hair—to all outward appearance, the face of a beautiful woman recovering from a slight illness, or reposing after unusual fatigue. Even Sarah Leeson, who had watched her all through her malady, could hardly believe, as she looked at her mistress now, that the Gates of Life had closed behind her, and that the beckoning hand of Death was signing to her already from the Gates of the Grave.

Some dogs'-eared books in paper covers lay on the counterpane of the bed. As soon as the curtain was drawn aside, Mrs. Treverton ordered her attendant by a gesture to remove them. They were Plays, underscored in certain places by ink lines and marked with marginal annotations referring to entrances, exits, and places on the stage. The servants, talking down stairs of their mistress's occupation before her marriage, had not been misled by false reports. Their master, after he had passed the prime of life, had, in very truth, taken his wife from the obscure stage of a country theatre, when little more than two years had elapsed since her first appearance in public. The dog's-eared old plays had been once her treasured dramatic library; she had always retained a fondness for them from old associations; and during the latter part of her illness, they had remained on her bed for days and days together.

Having put away the plays, Sarah went back to her mistress; and with more of dread and bewilderment in her face than grief, opened her lips to speak. Mrs. Treverton held up her hand, as a sign that she had another order to give.

"Bolt the door," she said, in the same enfeebled voice, but with the same accent of resolution which had so strikingly marked her first request to have more light in the room. "Bolt the door. Let no one in, till I give you leave."

"No one?" repeated Sarah, faintly. "Not the doctor? not even my master?"

"Not the doctor. Not even your master," said Mrs. Treverton, and pointed to the door. The hand was weak; but even in that momentary action of it, there was no mistaking the gesture of command.

Sarah bolted the door, returned irresolutely to the bedside, fixed her large, eager, startled eyes inquiringly on her mistress's face, and, suddenly bending over her, said, in a whisper,

"Have you told my master?"

"No," was the answer. "I sent for him, to tell him—I tried hard to speak the words—it shook me to my very soul, Sarah, only to think how I should best break it to him—I am so fond of him! I love him so dearly! But I should have spoken in spite of that, if he had not talked of the child. Sarah! he did nothing but talk of the child—and that silenced me."

Sarah, with a forgetfulness of her station which might have appeared extraordinary even in the eyes of the most lenient of mistresses, flung herself back in a chair when the first word of Mrs. Treverton's reply was uttered, clasped her trembling hands over her face, and groaned to herself. "Oh, what will happen! what will happen now!"

Mrs. Treverton's eyes had softened and moistened when she spoke of her love for her husband. She lay silent for a few minutes; the working of some strong emotion in her being expressed by her quick, hard, labored breathing, and by the painful contraction of her eyebrows. Ere long, she turned her head uneasily toward the chair in which her attendant was sitting, and spoke again—this time, in a voice which had sunk to a whisper.

"Look for my medicine," said she. "I want it."

Sarah started up, and with the quick instinct of obedience brushed away the tears that were rolling fast over her cheeks.

"The doctor," she said. "Let me call the doctor."

"No! The medicine—look for the medicine."

"Which bottle? The opiate, or—"

"No. Not the opiate. The other."

Sarah took a bottle from the table, and looking attentively at the written direction on the label, said that it was not yet time to take that medicine again.

"Give me the bottle."

"Oh, pray don't ask me. Pray wait. The doctor said it was as bad as dram-drinking, if you took too much."

Mrs. Treverton's clear, deep gray eyes began to flash; the rosy flush deepened on her cheeks; the commanding hand was raised again by an effort, from the counterpane on which it lay.

"Take the cork out of the bottle," she said, "and give it to me. I want strength. No matter whether I die in a hour's time, or a week's. Give me the bottle."

"Not the bottle," said Sarah, giving it up, nevertheless, under the influence of her mistress's look. "There are two doses left. Wait, pray wait till I get a glass."

She turned again toward the table. At the same instant Mrs. Treverton raised the bottle to her lips, drained it of its contents, and flung it from her on the bed.

"She has killed herself!" cried Sarah, running in terror to the door.

"Stop!" said the voice from the bed, more resolute than ever, already. "Stop! Come back, and prop me up higher on the pillows."

Sarah put her hand on the bolt. "Come back," reiterated Mrs. Treverton. "While there is life in me, I will be obeyed. Come back." The color began to deepen perceptibly all over her face, and the light to grow brighter in her widely-opened eyes.

Sarah came back; and, with shaking hands, added one more to the many pillows which supported the dying woman's head and shoulders. While this was being done, the bedclothes became a little discomposed. Mrs. Treverton shudderingly drew them up to their former position, close round her neck.

"Did you unbolt the door?" she asked.

"No."

"I forbid you to go near it again. Get my writing-case, and the pen and ink, from the cabinet near the window."

Sarah went to the cabinet and opened it; then stopped, as if some sudden suspicion had crossed her mind, and asked what the writing materials were wanted for.

"Bring them, and you will see."

The writing-case, with a sheet of note-paper on it, was placed upon Mrs. Treverton's knees; the pen was dipped into the ink, and given to her; she paused, closed her eyes for a minute, and sighed heavily; then began to write, saying to her waiting-maid, as the pen touched the paper, "Look."

Sarah peered anxiously over her shoulder, and saw the pen slowly and feebly form these three words: *To my Husband.*

"Oh, no! no! For God's sake don't write it!" she cried, catching at her mistress's hand—but suddenly letting it go again the moment Mrs. Treverton looked at her.

The pen went on; and more slowly, more feebly, formed words enough to fill a line—then stopped. The letters of the last syllable were all blotted together.

"Don't!" reiterated Sarah, dropping on her knees at the bedside. "Don't write it to him if you can't tell it to him. Let me go on bearing what I have borne so long already. Let the secret die with you and die with me, and be never known in this world—never, never, never!!"

"The secret must be told," answered Mrs.

Treverton. "My husband ought to know it, and must know it. I tried to tell him, and my courage failed me. I can not trust you to tell him, after I am gone. It must be written. Take you the pen; my sight is failing, my touch is dull. Take the pen and write what I tell you."

Sarah, instead of obeying, hid her face in the bed-cover and wept bitterly.

"You have been with me ever since my marriage," Mrs. Treverton went on. "You have been my friend more than my servant. Do you refuse my last request? You do! Fool! look up and listen to me. On your peril, refuse to take the pen. Write, or I shall not rest in my grave. Write, or as true as there is a Heaven above us, I will come to you from the other world!"

Sarah started to her feet with a faint scream.

"You make my flesh creep!" she whispered, fixing her eyes on her mistress's face with a stare of superstitious horror. At the same instant, the overdose of the stimulating medicine began to affect Mrs. Treverton's brain. She rolled her head restlessly from side to side of the pillow—repeated vacantly a few lines from one of the old play-books which had been removed from her bed—and suddenly held out the pen to the servant, with a theatrical wave of the hand, and a glance upward at an imaginary gallery of spectators.

"Write!" she cried, with a hollow, awful mimicry of her old stage voice. "Write!" And the weak hand was waved again with a forlorn, feeble imitation of the old stage gesture.

Closing her fingers mechanically on the pen that was thrust between them, Sarah, with her eyes still expressing the superstitious terror which her mistress's words had aroused, waited for the next command. Some minutes elapsed before Mrs. Treverton spoke again. She still retained her senses sufficiently to be vaguely conscious of the effect which the medicine was producing on her, and to be desirous of combating its further progress before it succeeded in utterly confusing her ideas. She asked first for the smelling-bottle, next for some Eau de Cologne. This last, poured on to her handkerchief, and applied to her forehead, seemed to prove successful in partially clearing her faculties again. Her eyes recovered their steady look of intelligence; and, when she again addressed her maid, reiterating the word "Write," she was able to enforce the direction by beginning immediately to dictate in quiet, deliberate, determined tones. Sarah's tears fell fast; her lips murmured fragments of sentences in which entreaties, expressions of penitence, and exclamations of fear were all strangely mingled together; but she wrote on submissively, in wavering lines, until she had nearly filled the two first sides of the note paper. Then Mrs. Treverton paused, looked the writing over, and, taking the pen, signed her name at the end of it. With this effort, her powers of resistance to the exciting effect of the medicine, seemed to fail her again. The deep flush began to tinge her cheeks once more, and she spoke hurriedly and unsteadily when she handed the pen back to her maid.

"Sign!" she cried, beating her hand feebly on the bed-clothes. "Sign Sarah Leeson, witness. No!—write accomplice. Take your share of it; I won't have it shifted on me. Sign, I insist on it! Sign as I tell you."

Sarah obeyed; and Mrs. Treverton, taking the paper from her, pointed to it solemnly, with a return of the same sad stage gesture which had escaped her a little while back.

"You will give this to your master," she said, "when I am dead; and you will answer any question he puts to you as truly as if you were before the judgment-seat."

Clasping her hands fast together, Sarah regarded her mistress, for the first time, with steady eyes, and spoke to her for the first time in steady tones.

"If I only knew that I was fit to die," she said, "Oh, how gladly I would change places with you!"

"Promise me that you will give the paper to your master," repeated Mrs. Treverton. "Promise—no! I won't trust your promise: I'll have your oath. Get the Bible—the Bible the clergyman used when he was here this morning. Get it, or I shall not rest in my grave. Get it, or I will come to you from the other world!"

The mistress laughed, as she reiterated that threat. The maid shuddered as she obeyed the command which it was designed to impress on her.

"Yes, yes—the Bible the clergyman used," continued Mrs. Treverton, vacantly, after the book had been produced. "The clergyman—a good, weak man—I frightened him, Sarah. He said, 'Are you at peace with all the world?' and I said, 'All but one.' You know who."

"The Captain's brother. Oh, don't die at enmity with any body. Don't die at enmity even with him," pleaded Sarah.

"The clergyman told me that," said Mrs. Treverton, her eyes beginning now to wander childishly round the room, her tones growing suddenly lower and more confused. "'You must forgive him,' the clergyman said. And I said, 'No. I forgive all the world, but not my husband's brother.' The clergyman got up from the bedside, frightened, Sarah. He talked about praying for me, and coming back. Will he come back?"

"Yes, yes," answered Sarah. "He is a good man—he will come back—and oh! tell him that you forgive the Captain's brother! Those vile words he spoke of you, when you were married, will come home to him some day. Forgive him—forgive him before you die!"

Saying these words, she attempted to remove the Bible softly out of her mistress's sight. The action attracted Mrs. Treverton's attention, and roused her sinking faculties into observation of present things.

"Stop!" she cried, with a gleam of the old resolution flashing once more over the dying dimness of her eyes. She caught at Sarah's hand with a great effort, placed it on the Bible, and held it there. Her other hand wandered a little over the bed-clothes, until it encountered the written paper addressed to her husband. Her fingers closed on it; and a sigh of relief escaped her lips. "Ah!" she said, "I know what I wanted the Bible for now. I'm dying with all my senses about me, Sarah; you can't deceive me even yet." She stopped again, smiled a little, whispered to herself rapidly, "Wait, wait, wait!" then added aloud, with the old stage voice and the old stage gesture again: "No! I won't trust you on your promise. I'll have your oath. Kneel down. These are my last words in this world—disobey them if you dare!"

Sarah dropped on her knees by the bed. The breeze outside, strengthening just then with the slow advance of the morning, parted the window-curtains a little, and wafted a breath of its sweet fragrance joyously into the sick-room. The heavy-beating hum of the distant surf came in at the same time, and poured out its unresting music in louder tones. Then the window-curtains fell too again heavily, the wavering flame of the candle grew steady once more, and the awful silence in the room sank deeper than ever.

"Swear," said Mrs. Treverton. Her voice failed her when she had pronounced that one word. She struggled a little, recovered the power of utterance, and went on: "Swear that you will not destroy this paper after I am dead."

Even while she pronounced those solemn words—even at that last struggle for life and strength—the ineradicable theatrical instinct showed, with a fearful inappropriateness, how firmly it had kept its place in her mind. Sarah felt the cold hand that was still laid on hers lifted for a moment—saw it waving gracefully toward her—felt it descend again, and clasp her own hand with a trembling, impatient pressure. At that final appeal, she answered faintly,

"I swear it."

"Swear that you will not take this paper away with you, if you leave the house, after I am dead."

Again Sarah paused before she answered—again the trembling pressure made itself felt on her hand, but more weakly this time—and again the words dropped affrightedly from her lips,

"I swear it."

"Swear," Mrs. Treverton began for the third time. Her voice failed her once more; and now, she struggled vainly to regain the command over it. Sarah looked up, and saw signs of convulsion beginning to disfigure the beautiful face—saw the fingers of the white, delicate hand getting crooked as they reached over toward the table on which the medicine-bottles were placed.

"You drank it all!" she cried, starting to her feet, as she comprehended the meaning of that gesture. "Mistress, dear mistress! you drank it all—there is nothing but the opiate left. Let me go—let me go and call—"

A look from Mrs. Treverton stopped her before she could utter another word. The lips of the dying woman were moving rapidly. Sarah put her ear close to them. At first she heard nothing but panting, quick-drawn breaths—then a few broken words mingled confusedly with them:

"I haven't done—you must swear—close, close, close; come close—a third thing—your master—swear to give it—"

The last words died away very softly. The lips that had been forming them so laboriously parted on a sudden, and closed again no more. Sarah sprang to the door and opened it, and called into the passage for help—then ran back to the bedside, caught up the sheet of note-paper on which she had written from her mistress's dictation, and hid it in her bosom. The last look of Mrs. Treverton's eyes fastened sternly and reproachfully on her as she did this, and kept their expression, unchanged, through the momentary distortion of the rest of the features, for one breathless moment. That moment passed; and, with the next, the shadow that goes before the presence of death stole up, and shut out the light of life, in one quiet instant, from all the face.

The doctor, followed by the nurse and one of the servants, entered the room; and, hurrying to the bedside, saw at a glance that the time for his attendance there had passed away forever. He spoke first to the servant who had followed him.

"Go to your master," he said, "and beg him to wait in his own room until I can come and speak to him."

Sarah still stood—without moving, or speaking, or noticing any one—by the bedside.

The nurse approaching to draw the curtains together, started at the sight of her face, and turned to the doctor.

"I think this person had better leave the room, Sir?" said the nurse, with some appearance of contempt in her tones and looks. "She seems unreasonably shocked and terrified by what has happened."

"Quite right," said the doctor. "It is best that she should withdraw. Let me recommend you to leave us for a little while," he added, touching Sarah on the arm.

She shrank back suspiciously, raised one of her hands to the place where the letter lay hidden in her bosom, and pressed it there firmly, while she held out the other hand for a candle.

"You had better rest for a little in your own room," said the doctor, giving her a candle. "Stop, though," he continued, after a moment's reflection. "I am going to break the sad news to your master, and I may find that he is anxious to hear any last words that Mrs. Treverton may have spoken in your presence. Perhaps you had better come with me, and wait while I go into Captain Treverton's room."

"No! no! oh, not now—not now, for Heaven's sake!" Speaking those words in low, quick, pleading tones, and drawing back affrightedly during their utterance to the door, Sarah disappeared, without waiting a moment to be spoken to again.

"A strange woman!" said the doctor, addressing the nurse. "Follow her, and see where she goes to, in case she is wanted, and we are obliged to send for her. I will wait here until you come back."

When the nurse returned she had nothing to report, but that she had followed Sarah Leeson to her own bed-room—had seen her enter it—had listened outside, and had heard her lock the door.

"A strange woman!" repeated the doctor. "One of the silent, secret sort."

"One of the wrong sort," said the nurse. "She is always talking to herself, and that is a bad sign, in my opinion. I don't like the look of her. I distrusted her, Sir, the very first day I entered the house."

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

WINTER WORK FOR FARMERS.—While the ground is frozen is the time for the farmer to prepare his fuel, and when the ground is covered with snow is the time to haul it to the wood-pile. Cut, split, and pile up enough for the whole year. It should be thrown up in small piles, and on end, in order to give it a fair chance to season.

Winter is the time to examine your fences, and to make rails for repairing defective portions in spring.

It is the time to get into good working order all farm tools: plows, harrows, cradles, scythes, spades, hoes, etc., etc. Not only to repair and put in order, but also to prepare a place for each and every article, where he or his boys or his help may be able to lay their hands upon it at any time.

The farmer, above all others, should enforce the motto, "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place."

Winter is the time for the farmer to project and carry out improvements on his place. The various portions of a farm are ever in want of some repair, some new and more advantageous and time-and-labor-saving arrangement. See that the arrangements of your stable and barn are as perfect as may be; that there is no unnecessary waste of time or exposure of person in the preparation of feed for horses, cattle, and hogs. Now that much indoor and in-stable work is to be done, is the proper time to take note of deficiencies and study improvements.

And not by any means least in importance as a matter to be "seen to," is your arrangement for saving manure.

If your manure-pile must be exposed to the weather, have it so placed as that its strength shall not be washed away by the rains. If you see, after a hard rain, a stream of dark fluid running from it, be assured that you are submitting to a ruinous waste, and lose no time in applying the remedy. Bed with saw-dust, if you can get it; or with leaves, raked so close as to take up a little soil with them, and include all the rotten logs you can get fine enough to crumble up like saw-dust; throw this on and around your manure-pile from time to time through the winter.

To save manure in the best possible manner for the use of the growing crop is the great object of the farmer. Charcoal, clay, loam, and rotten wood (which is but a variety of charcoal) absorb ammonia freely from the air, and seem to condense it so as to hold many times their own bulk. And as ammonia is the main fertilizing ingredient, to prevent its evaporation must be an object of the first importance.

Your stock should be fed at ricks near the stables, and securely sheltered from the north wind. Thus you will save a fine pile of manure; and if on this you throw occasionally some loads of leaves, you will thereby add to the comfort of your stock, as well as the value of your manure.

Winter is peculiarly the time to plan out work for the working seasons. Having given his hands sufficient to do, let the farmer himself prepare the programme of operations for spring, summer, and fall: what fields are to be cultivated, what to have rest; what plan of rotations of crops to be followed out; what new land to be cleared, and what old to be planted with trees; what improvements to make in his orchard, his hennery, his apiary, etc. A man can't, in these days, farm profitably without a good deal of careful forethought and shrewd management in his resources. He must have a head as well as hands.

THE fifth annual session of the United States Agricultural Society began at the rooms of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington City, on the 14th instant. There was a larger attendance than ever before, twenty-eight State and Territorial Agricultural Boards and State Societies being represented. The President, Marshal P. Wilder, read the annual address, from which it appears that the society is in a flourishing condition, and bids fair to become even more extensively useful than heretofore.

The report of the exhibition at Philadelphia and the journal of the Society for 1856, were distributed to the members present. Awards of premiums on field-crops were made.

Papers were read, on the application of science to agriculture, by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, and on the grasses of the United States, by Charles L. Flint, Esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

SHEEP FARMERS in the Middle and Northwestern States are beginning to acknowledge the necessity of providing shelter for their sheep during winter. Aside from considerations of humanity, it is proved satisfactorily that a flock wintering comfortably, under shelter, will afford a greater margin of profit in proportion to the expense of keep, than the same number of sheep forced to winter without protection. Shelter decreases largely the percentage of losses from disease and death—shelter increases the weight of the fleece, and improves the quality of the wool—shelter increases the number of lambs—shelter effects a material saving in provender; and, finally, it gives to the farmer a large quantity of valuable manure, which would otherwise be almost altogether lost.

RECENT experiments prove that a frequent cause of *smut* in wheat is the heating of the seed in the mow. One who has tried, recommends to let the wheat for seed stand until quite ripe before cutting, and then to put it on a scaffold until fully cured. The wheat raised from seed thus treated was not injured by smut.

WOUNDS in cattle are quickly cured by washing several times a day with a mixture of the yolks of eggs and spirits of turpentine.

FIELD MICE are often found troublesome in potato-fields, gnawing off the tubers below the sprout, or destroying even the growing potatoes in the hill. A mixture of arsenic and horse feed (corn and oats ground together), one ounce of the first to two quarts of the last—thoroughly mixed, dry, and then moistened with a little water, has been found a successful means to destroy the mice. It is to be put into every mouse hole found. Not more than two applications will be necessary. The death of many seems to operate as a warning to their fellows; as it was found that a potato-field thus treated was saved, while an adjoining field of wheat was much injured by mice. On digging the crop such heaps of poisoned meal as remains should be carefully scattered or covered up, previously to the admission of cattle into the surrounding field of pasture. Superphosphate of lime is recommended as an efficient protection for cabbage, tomato, and other plants, against the ravages of the *fly*, so destructive to these in the early stages of their growth. The superphosphate afforded perfect protection, where ashes, lime, and tobacco-water failed.

FENCE securely, till deeply, enrich liberally, seed judiciously, weed cleanly, and irrigate as well as you can, and you may reasonably expect the smiles of Heaven upon your labors.

THOSE who have tried, say that no crop can be more advantageously raised, for feeding to stock, than *cabbage*. 18,000 heads have been raised from two-and-a-half acres in Massachusetts. The ground should be rich, and well worked. The seed should be sown in rows sufficiently wide apart to admit a cultivator between. The plants are thinned out when of proper size, and afterward kept free from weeds and worms.

THE necessity for using powerful manures on the long-cultivated and impoverished lands of Britain, and the limited quantities in which guano can be procured, has caused the British Government to direct the attention of its consuls in different parts of South America to an investigation of the country surrounding their posts, with the object of finding, if possible, deposits of substances which may profitably take the place of guano, and which there is reason to suppose exist in those regions.

The report of the British Consul at Pernambuco has been received. He says:

"I have at length succeeded in discovering the existence of nitrates in large quantities within this empire.

"The gentleman who has assisted me in this service writes to inform me that he has traversed the mountains northwest of Ipu for sixty miles, and finds that the stratum of carbonate of soda extends the whole distance, and in any quantities. I have already sent specimens of this mineral, which Professor Way analyzed, and the President of the Agricultural Society pronounced to be of immense importance to commerce.

"To the west of Ipu he discovered the nitrates, of which I transmit specimens, and also of the earth in which they were found. The formation has extended as far as Mr. Lowden's search, which is about fifteen or twenty miles. Alum, of which I also forward specimens, abounds in the neighborhood."

THE attacks of the bee moth, which is so great an obstacle to the successful culture of bees, may be hindered by the following process:

Take a tub, or any large open vessel, fill it nearly full of water, put in it a quantity of old combs; place the vessel near the bees. The millers that deposit the egg from which the moth is hatched, are attracted there by the strong scent arising therefrom; they hover around the trap and are continually alighting or falling into it, out of which they can not extricate themselves.

HERE are a few words on agricultural chemistry, which will serve to make dissertations by scientific agriculturists better understood by the uninitiated:

Grapes, carrots, and many fruits and roots have a sweet taste; they contain *sugar*. The branches and leaves of the grape-vine have a sour taste; they contain an *acid salt*. Those of the wormwood have a bitter taste; they contain a peculiar *bitter principle*. The latter also possesses a powerful odor, which proceeds from a *volatile oil*. In the seed of our various kinds of grain, and in the tubers of the potatoe plant, we find a substance resembling meal, *starch;* in the seed of the rape and flax plants, a lubricous fluid, *fat oil*. From the cherry and plum trees there exudes a viscous matter, soluble in water; from fir and pine trees a similar product, but insoluble in water; we call the former *gum*, the latter *resin*. That which gives mechanical support to plants, forming, as it were, their bones and blood-vessels, receives the name of *vegetable fibre*, or when it has become tough, insoluble, or indigestible, the name of *woody fibre*. In the sap of plants we meet with a substance which coagulates by boiling, like the white of an egg, or the albumen of the blood; in peas or other leguminous fruits, a substance which is extremely like cheese; in the seed of rye, wheat, oats, and other kinds of grain, a substance whose composition is identical with that of the flesh of animals; the first is called *vegetable albumen*, the second *vegetable casein*, and the third *gluten*. Finally, on the combustion of the plant, we find a residue consisting of an earthy or saline powder, which neither burns up nor volatilizes by heat; this contains its *mineral constituents*.

IT is proposed to sell eggs by *weight*, as a fairer method for the buyers, as well as a means of forcing poultry-raisers to breed finer breeds of fowls. There seems to be a great difference in weight. Of three dozen, taken promiscuously from a lot for sale in a store, one dozen weighed 18½ ounces; one 25¼ ounces; and the last, 27 ounces. Good, fair-sized eggs should weigh at least two ounces each.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Tuesday, Jan.* 20, 1857.

The severe weather of the last week seriously impeded business in produce. Breadstuffs derived considerable benefit from the recent European news, but operations were kept in check by the extreme cold, and trade lacked vigor. Toward the close a terrific snow-storm interrupted all out-door traffic. Notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, Western Canal Flour is now worth $6 30 @ $7 10 for ordinary to fancy, and $6 70 @ $9 00 for extra brands, per barrel. Southern Flour ranges from $6 95 @ $9 25 for low mixed to choice extra, per barrel. Wheat has risen a little, with reduced supplies and restricted sales. White, $1 70 @ $1 82½; Red, $1 42 @ $1 62½, per bushel. Corn is brisker and dearer. Mixed is up to 72 @ 75 c., in store and delivered, per bushel. State and Western Oats have been freely purchased at improved rates—48 @ 52 c. per bushel. Other kinds of Breadstuffs essentially unchanged. Cotton was more abundant and less inquired for, at reduced figures. Midling Uplands, 12¾; do. Gulfs, 12¾ @ 13¼ c. per lb. At the close, factors evinced renewed confidence, anticipating a better demand. Provisions arrived sparingly, and were in good request at generally higher quotations. Mess Pork left off at $19 87½ @ $20 87½; Prime Pork, $17 25 @ $17 87½; Country Mess Beef at $10 50 @ $12 50; do. Prime do., at $9 25 @ $10 12½, per barrel; Prime Lard, in barrels, at 13 c. per pound. Groceries have been rather more freely dealt in at previous very full prices. Hay is quiet, yet firm. Naval Stores were pretty brisk, at better prices. Crude Turpentine, $4 00 per 280 pounds. Spirits do. 53 @ 55 c. per gallon. Resin, $1 60 for common, delivered, per 310 pounds; and $3 00 @ $6 00 for No. 1 and White, per 280 pounds. Linseed Oil was readily taken from store at 81 @ 82 c. per gallon. Domestic Whisky advanced to 29 c. per gallon, with a reduced supply and good inquiry.

The Live Stock Market suffered considerable depression from an excess of supply over the requirements of buyers. Brokers had secured nearly all the receipts, anticipating a scarcity, and a consequent increase in value. They were disappointed, and, becoming eager sellers, they put down prices a shade—the turn of the market being strongly favorable to purchasers. The week's receipts, as shown by the returns from the principal markets, were 3785 Beeves, 246 Milch Cows, 423 Veal Calves, 9521 Sheep and Lambs, and 1394 Swine, against 3071 Beeves, 148 Milch Cows, 335 Veal Calves, 6664 Sheep and Lambs, and 996 Swine. The Forty-Fourth Street Market quotations for Beeves last Wednesday ranged from 7½ c. for the poorest to 12½ c. for premium cattle—the general average, according to returns of sales, being 9½ c., or fully ½ c. per pound under the previous week's figures. Milch Cows with Calves were plenty, and moderately sought after at old rates. Veal Calves were more abundant, yet salable and steady. Sheep and Lambs were in fair demand, at unchanged quotations. Swine were less freely offered than needed, and prices advanced to 6¾ @ 7¼ for live, and 8½ @ 9¼ for dressed, per pound. The severe snow-storm prevailing during the last two days will doubtless curtail the supply of animals this week, and thereby help owners to recover their lost ground.

The Country Produce Market is poorly stocked with Fruit and Vegetables, the recent cold and stormy weather interfering with the forwarding of them to market. The demand for such is fair, and prices are strengthening. Poultry is in very heavy supply, and slack request at drooping rates. Much of what is now here is in a wretchedly damaged condition, and unfit for any other use than to be thrown into the river. Eggs are still quite scarce and rising, though the demand is not very brisk.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, common to fair, per barrel	$2 00	@	$3 50
" good to extra, per barrel	$3 50	@	$5 25
" Dried, State, per pound	8½	@	9½
" " Southern, per pound	4	@	7
Cranberries, per barrel	$10 00	@	$13 00
Dried Peaches, per pound	17	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$2 00	@	$2 25
Potatoes, per barrel	$1 75	@	$3 75
Onions, Red, per barrel	$1 75	@	$1 87½
" Yellow, per barrel	$2 25	@	$2 75
" White, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings	$3 50	@	—
Pumpkins, per 100	$12 00	@	$18 00
Washed Carrots, per barrel	$1 50	@	—
Beets, per barrel	$2 00	@	$2 25
Parsnips, per barrel	$2 25	@	$2 37½
Turnips, per barrel	$1 12½	@	$1 37½
" per basket	25	@	37½
Cabbages, per 100	$6 50	@	$14 00
Celery, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Leeks, per dozen bunches	62	@	75
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$6 50	@	$6 75
Butter, Western, per pound	14	@	20
" State, per pound	20	@	25
" Orange County, per pound	22	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound	10	@	11
Lard, per pound	12½	@	13½
Roasting Pigs, each	$2 25	@	$4 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	28	@	30
" Limed, per dozen	25	@	26½
Fowls, per pound	9	@	14
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	9	@	14
Turkeys, per pound	8	@	14½
Geese, per pound	8	@	11
Pigeons, tame, per dozen	$1 50	@	$1 75
Quail, per dozen	$1 25	@	$1 50
Partridges, per pair	56¼	@	75
Prairie Hens, per pair	56¼	@	75
Rabbits, per pair	31	@	—
Hares, per pair	43¾	@	50
Venison, carcass, per pound	7	@	9
" saddle, per pound	10	@	12½
Bear Meat, per pound	18	@	31

NOTES ON THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART has recently been turned to valuable account in producing fac-simile copies of ancient manuscripts. It has been employed with great success on the Codex Argenteus of Uphilas, the oldest (fourth century) sample extant of the Gothic language, the great mother tongue of the whole Germanic stock. We see it stated that Dr. Leo, a gentleman connected with the Royal Library in Berlin, was led by the numerous variations in the different reprints of the Uphilas text to travel to Upsala, where the MS. is still preserved, and there take photographic pictures on glass of about sixty pages containing disputed texts. The process has gone a great way to solve difficulties and disputes, by showing what forms part of the original manuscript, and what has been written in and over it subsequently. The success of this application of photography suggests the publication of fac-simile editions of rare MSS. for the benefit of the distant student, and the submission of recondite parchments to this detective test, before proceeding to purchase.

ANTIQUITIES IN FRANCE.—The ruins of a Roman theatre have been discovered at Trigueres, near Montargis, in France. It is seventy yards long from the back of the pit to the stage, and sixty yards wide. It could have easily held 10,000 spectators. The interior of the theatre is not yet uncovered.

AERIAL NAVIGATION.—We see it stated in the English papers that a new machine, to be called the "Archimedean Balloon," has been invented. The leading features in its construction are as follow: An elongated frame-work, having four paddle-wheels arranged two abreast. An Archimedean screw is to be placed at the fore-part of the elongated frame-work, or hull, the screw having its axis at right angles to the longitudinal axis (or keel) of the frame-work (or hull). The balloon is to be in the form of a cylinder, having hemispherical extremities. It is to be arranged parallel with the hull, and at as slight an elevation above it as may be practicable; the balloon and the hull to be connected by ropes. The balloon is to be of such a magnitude as to contain sufficient gas to counterbalance nearly the whole weight of the machine, including the engines, frame-work, screw, passengers, stores, envelope, rigging, etc. The entire apparatus, when on earth, is to be supported on wheels placed under the hull, such wheels having large springs, and each wheel having a short independent axle.

NAVIGATION OF THE TIGRIS.—A Belgian officer of distinction, in the service of the Pasha of Bagdad, is now in England, for the purpose of purchasing steamers to navigate the Tigris, and to direct commercial enterprise to the immense resources of the countries on the Tigris and Euphrates for the growth of all the valuable products and fruits belonging to the latitude of the Mediterranean.

A WAGON PROPELLED BY MACHINERY.—We see a new piece of mechanism of this nature mentioned in the California papers. A patent has been applied for, and the invention is spoken of as practicable. It consists of a revolving axle, fastened immediately behind the forward wheels, which is made to revolve by any force applied. This axle, or revolving beam, is made of iron, with bends—a sort of zigzag form. In these bends are attached iron bars, or legs, apart, on each side, and, as the axle revolves, these strike the ground with the regularity of the step of a team, and propel the wagon forward with a speed proportionate to the force applied. When the legs of one side of the axle strike the ground those of the other rise.

BORNEO COAL.—A cargo of coal from the Island of Borneo has been recently taken to San Francisco. Samples have been tried with satisfactory results. It is said that this coal can be landed in San Francisco far cheaper than that shipped either from the Atlantic side or from Fayal.

EXPLORATION IN CENTRAL ASIA.—Alexander von Humboldt has received a letter from Robert Schlagintweit, dated from Leh, in Ladak, 26th September last, announcing that he and his brother had succeeded in crossing the chain of the Kuenlun mountains, and reaching Eltshi, the capital of Khotan, where no European had set his foot since the time of the Benedictine monk Goes in 1604. Leh is situated in 34° 10′ north latitude in Little Thibet, close to the sources of the Indus, in the angle formed by the spur of the Himalaya and the Kuenlun, to the northward of which lies Khotan in the so-called High Tartary.

SALT SPRINGS IN OREGON.—We see it stated in the Oregon papers that salt springs exist throughout the whole of the Territory. Some salt springs in Umpqua and in Polk County are about to be worked. There are springs some twenty miles below Portland which make fine salt. There is also rock salt in abundance in the Cascade mountains.

A NEW DIAMOND.—Two French chemists have succeeded in crystallizing the substance boron, which has been hitherto known only as a greenish brown powder, or in combination with an acid. A specimen of the crystals have been submitted to the Academy of Science. These crystals possess a a brilliance and refractive power which nothing equals but the diamond, and they rival even that in hardness. The specimens yet obtained are very small, and have a shade of red or yellow, but the color is believed to be accidental, and it is hoped that further experiment will procure colorless specimens.

THE RETURN OF THE COMET OF 1234 is anticipated during the present year. Mr. Hind, the astronomer, has issued a circular calling attention to the subject. No month is appointed for its appearance, and several *savans*, at Paris, under the direction of M. Le Fevre, are watching for it day and night without intermission. Apropos of comets, a large one was observed at Panama on the night of January 2d, bearing about northwest.

GEOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.—A curious geological phenomenon has occurred, and is noticed in our foreign exchanges. A party of laborers, working in a basin-shaped hollow at a place called Sabina, about twenty-five miles from Rome, were terrified by the shaking of the ground. They fled. The earth opened, and black smoke poured out; it then sank, and salt water rose in the hollow, and now forms a lake more than a thousand metres in extent. This, it is thought, may be due to the earthquake in the Levant, which, as appears by recent accounts, was unusually destructive.

CURIOUS LANDSLIP.—In the proceedings of the Royal Dublin Society, an account is given of the slipping of a bog in Kilmaleady, King's County, Ireland, in June last. One hundred and fifty acres were buried by the slip, and a gap is left thirty feet deep and a mile and a half in length.

THE SERVICES OF SOME DISTINGUISHED SAVANS have recently been recognized by the British Royal Society of Arts. The Rumford medal was given to M. Louis Pasteur, of Lille, for his remarkable optical researches; one of the Royal medals to Professor William Thomson, of Glasgow, for electro-dynamical investigations, which have distinguished him among philosophers; the other to Sir John Richardson—the friend and tried companion of the Arctic Franklin—for his contributions to natural history and physical geography; and the Copley medal, the honor of honors, to M. Hénri Milne-Edwards, of Paris, for his researches in comparative anatomy and zoology.

A NEW DIVING INSTRUMENT has been tried in England, which obviates the inconveniences of the present cumbersome diving-dress. The diver is covered to the waist by an air-tight glazed bell, to which a breathing and a speaking tube are attached. A stream of air, driven down the former by a small fan, is constantly passing along the diver's mouth, and escapes up the speaking tube, and through this latter messages and instructions may be instantaneously conveyed from above or below. The diver is ballasted by a leaden saddle, on which he sits, and can walk about with great facility.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"A WOMAN is always at the bottom of trouble." You remember the story of the Shah of Persia. When he was told that a workman had fallen from a ladder, he called out, "Who is she? who is she?"

"Please your Majesty, 'tis a *he*."

"Nonsense!" said the Shah, "there's never an accident without a woman; who is she?"

The Shah was right; the man had fallen from his ladder because he was looking at a woman in a window. Many a man does that in other countries besides Persia.

"Bobby, what does your father do for a living?"

"He's a Philanthropist, Sir."

"A *what*, Bobby?"

"A Philanthropist, Sir. He collects money for the poor folks away off somewhere, and builds houses in the city, Sir."

A Turk asked an American to lend him a rope. "I am using it," said the American, "to tie up flour." "How can you tie up flour with a rope?" "I can apply a rope to any use when I do not wish to lend it." It is easy to find an excuse for not doing a good deed when we have no heart to do it.

In this city, last week, at the regular meeting of the Governors of the Alms House, was presented an application on the part of Mrs. Brown, the widow of a rat doctor, who entered into a contract to drive out the rats which infest the Alms House buildings. The letter of Dr. Brown's widow showed that he had expended some dollars in drugs, but having caught a severe cold while engaged in his attempt to destroy the rats, he died before exterminating them. Gov. Tiemann made an explanation that the experiment was made on the principle of "no cure, no pay," and that Mr. B. had not succeeded. The Board considered that this was not a case for an appropriation.

"Is Miss Blimkins at home?" asked Mr. Sanders of the Irish maid who answered his ring at the door.

"Yes and b'lave she is, Sir."

"Is she *engaged?*" inquired Mr. Sanders.

"*Engaged*, is it? faith an' I can't say, Sir, but she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had never seen the likes of him, and it's *engaged* I b'lave they are, Sir."

In the age preceding that of Queen Elizabeth there were few chimneys, even in large towns; the smoke found its own way out of the door or window.

The Judge interrupted Curran in the midst of his speech, when an ass began to bray under the window, by saying, "One at a time, Mr. Curran, if you please." Presently the Judge began his charge to the jury, and the ass began to bray again, and Mr. Curran remarked, "Does not your Lordship hear a remarkable *echo* in the court?"

Dead millionaires at Greenwood
  Lie royally in state;
Their tombs have rich appointments,
  Marble sculpture, metal gate;
But the grave of Pater Patriæ
  Is desolate and bare,
Though it nets on exhibition
  A nice income for his heir.

The groves of England's Windsor
  No woodman's axe invades;
They stand as when the Tudor
  Chased deer beneath their shades;
But the forests of Mount Vernon,
  Guarding Washington's remains,
Are being sold on speculation,
  To be peddled out in canes.

Sheridan entered a committee-room late, and not a vacant seat was to be found. As he looked around the room he said, "Will some one *move* that I may take the chair?"

"Dr. Porson," said a man to the great Grecian scholar, with whom he had been disputing, my opinion of you is most contemptible. "Sir," returned the Doctor, "I never knew an opinion of yours that was not contemptible."

When Milton was blind, he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colors," replied Milton; "and it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

Josiah Quincy, Jun., of Boston, in his lecture in this city last week, said that Joe Smith was the only Yankee that ever undertook to be a prophet.

T. S. Cummings, the artist, is engaged in writing the history of the National Academy of Design. Of the twenty-five artists who, in 1825, were the founders of this institution, only five are now living. These are Morse, Durand, Ingham, Cummings, and Ebers.

One of the prettiest of compliments was paid by Sheridan to Miss Payne:

'Tis true I am ill; but I can not complain,
For he never knew pleasure who never knew Paine.

A Sermon was lately announced on the Prevalence of Heathenism in the Fifteenth Street Church. It is hoped that it will be unnecessary to repeat the discourse.

Coaches were introduced into England in 1585, before which time Queen Elizabeth rode on public occasions behind her lord chamberlain on a *pillion*. Queen Victoria would cut a pretty figure if she attempted thus to walk in the footsteps of her illustrious predecessor.

The Persians have many sentiments in verse that Christians might learn with advantage. For example:

Forgive thy foes; nor that alone—
  Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
  And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal bow,
  In meek forgiveness to its doom;
And o'er the axe at every blow
  Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

"The New England Psalm Singer, or American Chorister," was made by William Billiam Billings, Boston, 1770, and has the following motto:

O praise the Lord with one consent,
  And in this grand design
Let Britain and the Colonies
  Unanimously join.

Charles II., when dining off a loin of beef, asked the name of it; and being told it was the loin, he said, "For its excellence I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called *Sir-loin*."

An Irish gentleman at cards, counting the pile, exclaimed, "There's a shilling short, who put it in?"

A Cincinnati paper tells a pretty good story of a Frenchman and his jealous spouse at one of the hotels of that city. The lady indulged herself continually, as soon as closeted with her mispronouncing husband, in hysterical upbraidings for his imaginary delinquencies in ogling the ladies at table, and at last things grew so bad that the following *dénouement* transpired. The lady led off, as usual, with much emphasis.

Monsieur, however, had reached the culminating point of human endurance, and he retorted in a vehement roulade of broken English, interlarded with French expletives, until the fair one seized his case of razors in an apparently desperate determination to commit suicide.

Seizing her arm with one hand, he pulled the bell-rope violently with the other, a summons which was speedily answered, for the waiters, whose organs of inquisitiveness are usually well developed, had been religiously listening outside of the door to what was going on within. As soon, however, as one entered the chamber, our gallant Frenchman relinquished his hold of the lady's arm.

"Ah, ah! madame," hissed he between his teeth, "you shall cut your troat, eh? *tres bien*, ver goot, now you cut your troat so quick as you like. *Mais* I has von leetle witness as you cut him yourself. Ah, ah, *ma chere*, *sacre* if you want cut your troat, cut him right way."

As a public speaker it is well known that Horace Greeley's attractions are rather *personal* than oratorical. "Is it best to go and hear him?" asked a gentleman of his neighbor. "Yes, go by all means," was the response; "it is worth a quarter to see the man, and a dollar to hear him—but then Greeley ought to pay *you* the dollar."

A Western jury brought in a verdict of "Death by hanging—about a groggery!"

Tying a mackerel to your coat-tail, and imagining yourself a whale, is one of the first lessons in codfish aristocracy.